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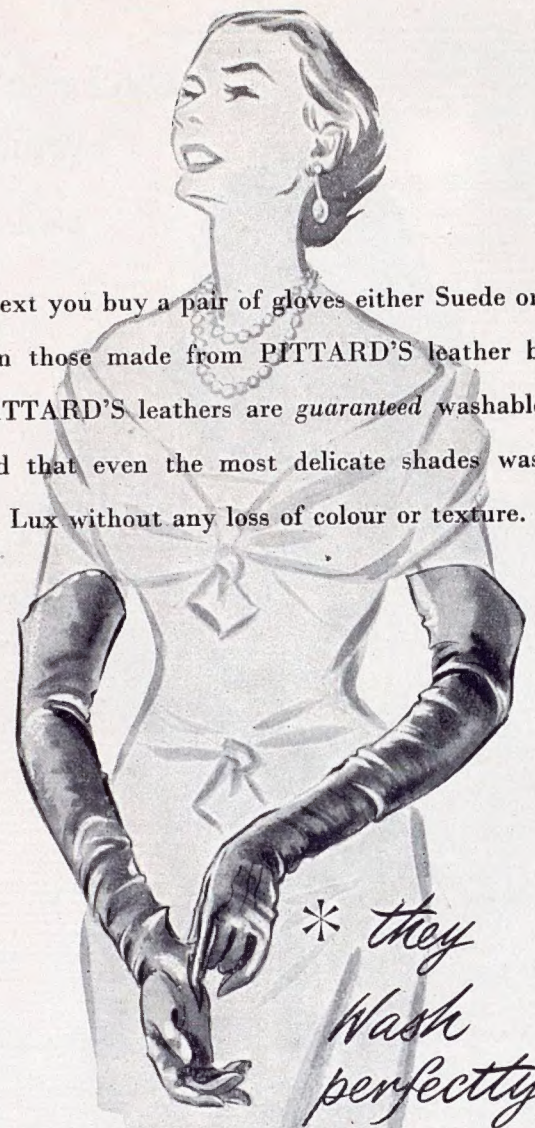
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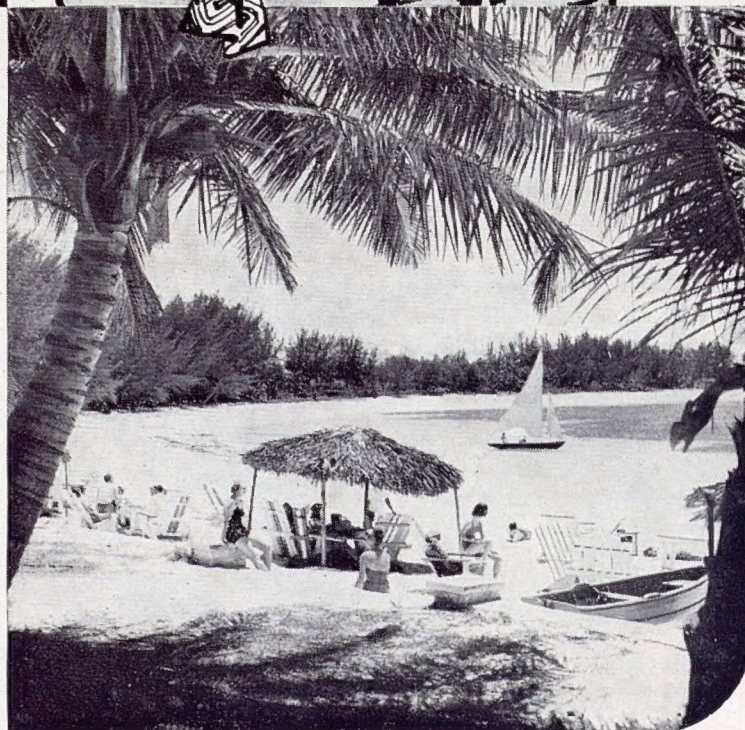
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LADY CECILIA HOWARD appears on our cover this week photographed at her beautiful home, Castle Howard, near York. She is the wife of Major George Howard and a daughter of the 8th Duke of Grafton. Her husband, who is a J.P. for Yorkshire, served with the Green Howards from 1939-45. They were married in 1949 and have two sons. Castle Howard, which is one of the show places of England, was designed by Vanbrugh and built during the years 1699-1726. It contains a magnificent collection of pictures, statuary and furniture, and a beautiful park. The Castle is open to the public from the month of April to September

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 5 to October 12

Oct. 5 (Wed.) Racing at Wincanton (one day)
York and Lingfield Park (two days).

Michaelmas Term begins at Cambridge.
2nd day of The Horse of the Year Show at
Harringay (five days).

First night of *The Sun Of York* at the Royal
Court Theatre, with Leslie French, Valen-
tine Dyall and Derek Blomfield.

Oct. 6 (Thurs.) H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester
attends the Empire Ball at the Dorchester
Hotel.

Nottingham Goose Fair.

Oct. 7 (Fri.) Dance: Lady Earle, Mrs. Douglas
McBean and Mrs. Theodore Timpson for
Miss Belinda Earle, Miss Georgina McBean
and Miss Diana Timpson, at the Anglo-
Belgian Club, Belgrave Square.

Racing at Ascot Heath and Haydock (two
days).

Oct. 8 (Sat.) The Army Combined Training

Events at Tweseldown Racecourse, Alder-
shot.

Racing at Stockton and Warwick.

Dance: Mrs. Guy Lawrence for her daughter at
Little Easton Manor, Dunmow.

Oct. 9 (Sun.) Oxford: Michaelmas Term begins.

Oct. 10 (Mon.) Prince Philip sails in the
Britannia for Copenhagen, where he will
visit the British Trades Fair.

Oct. 11 (Tues.) Newmarket Second October
Meeting (four days).

First night of *The Whole Truth* at the Aldwych
Theatre.

Oct. 12 (Wed.) Prince Philip arrives in Copen-
hagen in the Britannia.

The Cesarewitch run at Newmarket.

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Barry Swaebe

The Countess of Westmorland and her sons

THIS charming study of Lord Burghersh, aged four, and his brother the Hon. Harry St. Clair Fane, two years younger, with their mother, was taken at the Earl and Countess's Wiltshire home, Wilcot Manor, Pewsey. Lady Westmorland was before her marriage in 1950 Miss Barbara Jane Findlay, daughter of Lt.-Col. R. L. Findlay and niece of Sir Edmund Findlay, Bt. The Westmorland title dates back to 1624 and the present Earl succeeded in 1948

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE DANISH ROYAL VISIT TO LONDON

THE annual dinner and dance of the Anglo-Danish Society was honoured this year by the presence of the King and Queen of Denmark and their eldest daughter, Princess Margrethe. This took place at the May Fair Hotel with over three hundred members and guests present. They were received by Count Henrik Brockenhuus-Schack, chairman of the Society, and Countess Brockenhuus-Schack, who looked charming in a bright china blue faille dress.

The large ballroom which was used for dinner was decorated with vases of red and white flowers, red and white candles were on each table in bowls of flowers, and the Danish flag and Union Jack were draped behind the top table on a spotlight white background.

MEMBERS and guests had taken their places at round tables for eight or ten when the Royal party came in to dine. The upright, good-looking King came first, followed by Queen Ingrid, looking beautiful in a pearl embroidered cream brocade dress with a magnificent diamond tiara, necklace and long diamond drop ear-rings.

Princess Margrethe came in just behind her mother and stopped before she got to the top table, to sit at one of the smaller ones with a party of young friends. These included the chairman's daughter, Miss Dagmar Brockenhuus-Schack, the Danish Ambassador's daughters, Miss Julie and Miss Anne de Steensen-Leth, Mr. Peter Stanley and his sister Sarah, Mr. Mark Jeffries, Mr. Jens Munter and Mr. George Nissen. Their Majesties sat each side of Count Henrik Brockenhuus-Schack, with Princess Anne, wife of Prince Georg of Denmark, on the King's right, and the Rt. Hon. Gwilym Lloyd George, the Home Secretary, on the Queen's left.

ALSO at the top table were Prince Georg of Denmark, Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd George, in a maize-coloured dress, the Danish Minister of Finance, Mr. Viggo Kampmann, and Mrs. Kampmann, the Rt. Hon. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, whose wife had not yet returned from Italy, the Danish Ambassador and Mme. de Steensen-Leth, Earl Beauchamp and his Danish-born wife who wore a magnificent heirloom diamond tiara, and an equally fine diamond necklace and ear-rings, with her beaded grey evening dress.

Sitting next to Countess Beauchamp was Sir Malcolm Sargent, who had the lovely Countess Armfeldt on his

right. At another table nearby was Sir Norman Gwatkin and his charming mother, Mrs. Ackland, happily quite recovered from her serious operation last winter. They were at the same table as Count and Countess Eggert Knuth, Maj.-Gen. the Hon. Gerald and the Hon. Mrs. Scarlett, and Sir Hugh Gurney, our Minister in Copenhagen in 1933, and Lady Gurney, who told me their son Ronald is making steady progress in Montana.

At the next table were Sir Charles and Lady Hambro and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hambro with Sir Archibald and Lady Forbes and Viscount and Viscountess Moore, the latter in a black ballet-length dress. Sir Charles was chairman of the Anglo-Danish Society for five years and was saying how much he had enjoyed the evening this year, with none of the responsibility! Lord Grantchester was at a nearby table with his Danish-born wife, also Lady Reid-Dick, whom I met talking to Mrs. Eveleigh Nash just before dinner, and the Hon. Mrs. Pearson.

A strong representation of the theatre sat at another table, where that unique and very charming personality Dame Adeline Genée-Isitt sat with Sir Kenneth Barnes on her right,

while Lady Barnes, wearing a candy pink tulle stole round her shoulders sat opposite with Anton Dolin on her right. Others at this table were Col. and Mrs. Watt, the Rev. J. A. Wichmann, who said grace before dinner, and Mrs. Wichmann and Lady Graham-Little. The very hard-working honorary secretary of the Society, Mr. Derrick Ortmans, and his charming wife, were at another table with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rennie, Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett and Mr. E. M. Cockburn, who works in the legal side of the Treasury.

Sir Reginald and Lady Wilson were there, also Mr. and Mrs. Vilh Lauritzen, Mrs. Kier and her son Olaf, and Capt. David Bagnall escorting attractive Miss Jean Guinness. Capt. Bagnall, who until recently was in the Life Guards, spent a month in Denmark a few years ago with the Danish Army which he found a very happy and interesting experience.

INTERESTING, amusing and brief speeches were made at the end of a delicious dinner. The chairman spoke first and was followed by the Rt. Hon. Gwilym Lloyd George. The Danish Minister of Finance followed and spoke in excellent English, a splendid achievement as it was his first visit to this country.

Finally the Rt. Hon. Peter Thorneycroft gave a very witty short speech. After this the dance floor was cleared and many members and guests stayed on to dance until 1 a.m. An exception was Princess Margrethe who very sensibly left at midnight with her parents after enjoying her first grown-up party in London.

★ ★ ★

THE President—the Marquess of Exeter—and the chairman and Committee of the Junior Carlton Club recently gave a delightful luncheon party. This was to celebrate the opening of the new Ladies' Annexe of the Club, which is now one of the brightest and most luxurious in London. The big spacious sitting-room with large windows looking over Pall Mall has pale green walls, and the large pillars have been cleverly painted to represent dark green marble. The big comfortable sofas and easy chairs have been covered in a light golden brocade with pastel shaded cushions, the exceptionally thick and luxurious carpets are pale green, and the lighting is soft and well planned.

At one end of this ladies' sitting-room there is a very roomy bar, while downstairs is the dining-room decorated in pale green and white, the essence of freshness. This transformation has been carried out by Mrs. Eily



THE TWIN SONS of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gilbert Monckton were christened Timothy David Robert and Jonathan Riversdale St. Quintin at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens. The Duke of Windsor stood sponsor to the elder of the boys, who are grandsons of the Minister of Labour, Sir Walter Monckton

Van Hallan

DINNER THAT MARKED A WARM FRIENDSHIP

THE King and Queen of Denmark and their daughter Princess Margrethe attended the dinner and dance of the Anglo-Danish Society which was held at the May Fair Hotel



Count Henrik Brockenhuus-Schack, H.M. the Queen of Denmark, Countess Henrik Brockenhuus-Schack and H.M. the King of Denmark arriving at the reception



Mr. C. M. Rottboll with Mme. de Steensen-Leth and H.E. the Danish Ambassador, M. Vincens de Steensen-Leth

Donald, who is renowned for her interior decorating.

At the luncheon guests and members of the Club and the committee sat at the big circular table which once belonged to Benjamin Disraeli, who was a member of the club. It was previously at his house in Dover Street, and his shadow Cabinet used to meet round it when he was in Opposition. This large circular table was not by itself big enough to accommodate everyone, so a wing was cleverly added which extended right down the room.

THE Marquess of Exeter, who has been a member of the club for over fifty years, received the guests, and at the end of luncheon Mr. E. P. Rugg, chairman of the Political Council and the House Committee, made a very good speech.

Among those present at this very pleasant opening were Sir Samuel Beale, chairman of the club, Mr. A. J. Croft, the vice-chairman, Brig. W. F. Jeffries, the very able secretary, Sir Bruce and Lady White, Sir Roger and Lady Duncalfe, Sir Harold Hood, chairman of the Library Committee, who kindly showed me all the new décor, Sir Richard and Lady Lloyd Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. J. Eaton Griffith, Mr. R. E. Trevithick, who is chairman of the Wine Committee, Mr. Cyril King, Q.C., and Mrs. King.

★ ★ ★

NEVER have I been to a happier wedding, with a greater number of young guests, than when Capt. James David Kentish Barnes, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, married Miss Julie Pinckney at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Both the bride and bridegroom are exceptionally popular and both have delightful parents.

The church was beautifully decorated with mixed pink and white flowers, and the service was conducted by the Rev. Charles Roderick, one of the best preachers in England today, who is certainly upholding the high reputation of St. Michael's. During the time that the late Canon Gillingham was rector here, Queen Mary was frequently a member of the large congregation on Sunday mornings. The music

during the wedding service was inspiring, too, and I have never heard the Sevenfold Amen, to Sir Walford Davies's music, sung more beautifully.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked radiant in a dress of parchment satin embroidered with pearls, her short tulle veil held in place by a half circlet of lilies of the valley. She was attended by six small children; three pages, Peter John Hudson, Andrew Hayley-Bell, nephew of the bridegroom, and Richard Tomkin, wearing replicas of the full dress uniform of the bridegroom's regiment. The little girls, Linda Bailey, Lucy Fisher and Rosemary Stern, wore long dresses of cream organza with primrose yellow velvet sashes.

AFTER the ceremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney, the latter most attractive in a dress of hyacinth blue silk, embossed with black velvet, a tiny blue velvet cap and lovely mink cape, held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel. They received the guests with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kentish Barnes, the latter very chic in an olive green ensemble.

Among relatives and friends present were the bridegroom's grandmother Mrs. Kentish Barnes, his sister Miss Cynthia Kentish Barnes and his half-sister Mrs. Hayley-Bell, whose young son was one of the pages. I met the bride's grandmother, Mrs. W. P. Pinckney, who had come up from her home at Winchester. She was talking to her son and daughter-in-law Dr. and Mrs. Charles Pinckney and their children David and Gay. The bride's maternal grandfather, Mr. Bernard Crisp, had come over from Ireland. Her brother, Mr. Jeremy Pinckney, had got one day's leave from his regiment, the 9th Lancers, and had flown home from Germany for the wedding, and her aunt, Mrs. Broom, was there with Capt. Jack Broom, R.N.

Others included Lord and Lady Combermere, and their son, the Hon. Michael Stapleton, Lord and Lady Pender, who told me they were off to Canada a few days later, the Minister of Supply and Mrs. Selwyn



Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark, Princess Margrethe of Denmark and Countess Armfeldt, lady-in-waiting



Lady Kipping, Sir Norman Kipping and Col. V. R. D. Gyth, principal aide-de-camp to H.M. King Frederik

(Continued on page 14)



MISS MONICA STOURTON MARRIED

PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of Athlone, was present at the marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, of Mr. H. L. Carron Greig and Miss Monica Stourton. The bridegroom is the son of Lady Greig and the late G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, equerry to King George VI while the bride is the younger daughter of the Hon. J. J. and Mrs. Stourton, of Withington Court, Cheltenham, and a niece of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, the Premier Baron of England. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Major Michael Stourton, was attended by two pages and nine child bridesmaids. A reception was held at the Dorchester Hotel. Left: The bride and bridegroom



Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was talking to the bridegroom's mother Lady Greig at the reception

Continuing The Social Journal

Committee meeting for the Snow Ball

Lloyd, Mrs. Asprey Bailey, Mr. Ian Bailey, whose little daughter Linda was an enchanting bridesmaid, and his sisters Mrs. Hans Barnard Hankey, looking very pretty in olive green, and Mrs. Reginald Duthy with her husband and daughter Fiona.

Also present were Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield and their three daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stern, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Stedall, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Stedall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ropner and Lord and Lady Remnant. Mrs. George Henderson had her two daughters, Mrs. Denis Russell and Miss Pam Henderson, with her, and I saw Capt. Philip Glover, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Edward Slesinger, Mr. and Mrs. J. Onslow-Fane and the Hon. Mrs. Robin Dent whose husband joined her on his way home from the office, as this wedding was conveniently later than usual, with the reception beginning about 5 p.m.

OTHER young friends included the Hon. Mrs. Edmund Ironside, Miss Meriel Gold, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gilbert Monckton, Mr. Tony Russell and his very pretty sister whom I met talking to Mr. David Bailey, Mr. Dane and the Hon. Mrs. Douetil, Miss Sally Collier, just back from the South of France, Miss Sandra Welch, Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox who was one of the ushers, and Mr. Michael Fane, who was in the bridegroom's regiment and proposed the health of the young couple after they had cut their wedding cake.

Later Capt. and Mrs. Kentish Barnes left, both looking radiantly happy, to spend their honeymoon in sunny Italy.

Pictures of the wedding will be found on pages 28-29.

LADY CHESHAM very kindly lent her lovely flat in Ennismore Gardens for a committee meeting to arrange the Snow Ball. This is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on December 7 in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind. Mrs. Tom Page is chairman of the Ball committee and took the meeting very efficiently. Lady Chesham is a vice-chairman with Lady Bridget Garnett who was also present at the meeting.

I saw Mrs. Attlee, one of the vice-presidents, among the very big number which turned up for the meeting, also Lady Lycett Green, with her daughter Livia, Mr. Raymond Grumbar, and Mrs. Reginald Duthy, who brought her daughter Fiona. The latter is on the big junior committee, of which Miss Penelope Ansley, who was there in emerald green, is a vice-chairman. Lady Chesham's elder daughter, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, who is coming out next season, was there looking very pretty in a pale blue silk dress to help her mother with her guests. She was off a few days later to France to complete her education.

The Ball sounds as if it will be a very bright and gay affair, especially as so many young people are working on the committee and taking a keen interest in making it a success. Tickets for it may be obtained from Mrs. Tom Page, Snow Ball, 28 Manchester Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

SIR WALTER MONCKTON, our brilliant and very overworked Minister of Labour, gave a delightful family tea party after the christening of his infant grandsons. The babies, sons of Sir Walter's only son, Lt.-Col. Gilbert

Monckton and Mrs. Monckton, were christened Timothy David Robert and Jonathan Riversdale St. Quintin, by Mgr. A. N. Gibbey at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens. The Duke of Windsor is sponsor to Timothy and the godparents are the Hon. Charles Stourton, Capt. John Leslie, Viscountess Vaughan, Mrs. Ward-Thomas and Miss Marjorie Matthews.

Among those who came to congratulate Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Monckton on the birth of the twins and wish the babies health and happiness were Mrs. Monckton's parents, Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bower, who had given a lunch party before the christening, Col. Monckton's only sister Lady Goulding, his aunt Mrs. Keane and her husband Brig. Keane, and his cousins Sir James Colyer-Fergusson and Mr. Lance and Miss May Monckton. Also Mrs. Monckton's sisters, the Misses Margaret, Elizabeth, Veronica and Monica Bower, and her aunts, the Hon. Mabel Strickland, who is one of the greatest personalities of the George Cross island, Malta, and the Hon. Mrs. Horneyold-Strickland, Mrs. Mowbray and her daughter, and Miss Bower.

THE lovely Princess of Berar was also among the guests, with Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan who have recently moved up from Kent to live in London, Miss Marjorie Matthews, Baron William de Gelsey and Mr. and Mrs. Heron, also Miss M. B. Powell and Miss E. M. Rees, Matron and Assistant Matron of St. George's Hospital where the twins, like Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Monckton's two other children, were born. This hospital has close connections with the family as Sir Walter Monckton was for some time its chairman.

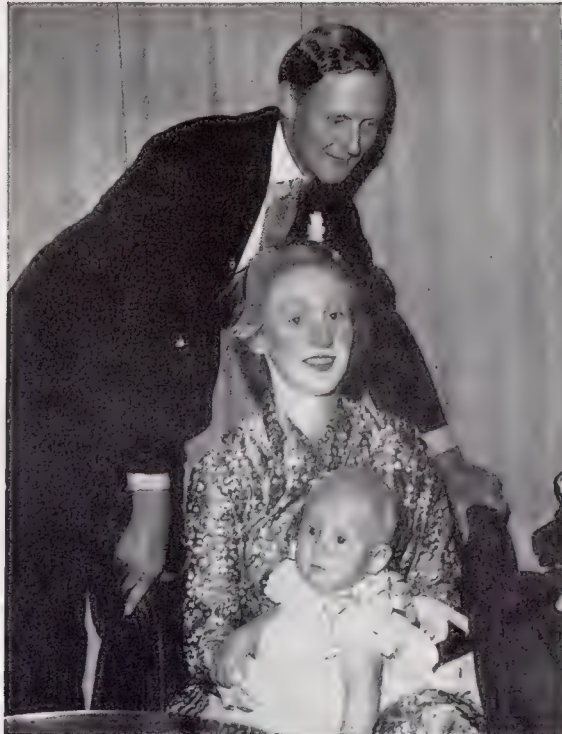
The Gilbert Moncktons and their young family make their home at Seal Chart in Kent, which is an easy daily journey for Col. Monckton's present work at the War Office.

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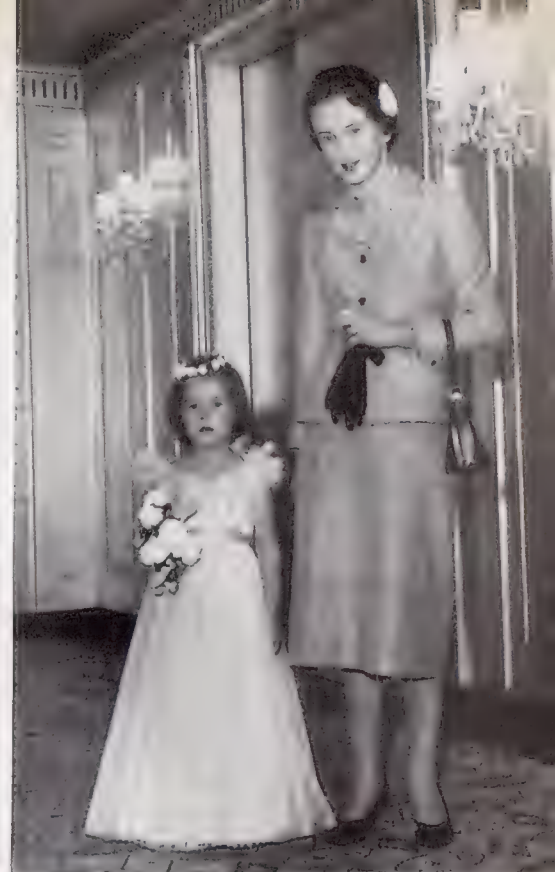
THE last big social week of the Scottish season is always Perth Hunt week. This is a gay affair, wet or fine, as house parties in the district always attend the races,



The Earl of Gainsborough, and the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer who is married to Lord Rotherwick's elder son and heir



Major Michael Stourton with his elder sister, the Countess of Gainsborough, and the Hon. Gerard Noel



The Hon. Mrs. Christopher Holman, younger daughter of Lord de Mauley, and her daughter Sarah, a bridesmaid

even if it is teeming with rain all day. Happily, this year, although there were showers, there were also plenty of sunny periods.

On the Tuesday and Thursday nights there are the two Perth Balls and on the Friday night the much smaller and more *intime* Angus Ball. From friends in Scotland I hear that H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, who was staying with Major and Mrs. David Butter at Eastwood, Dunkeld, motored over with her host and hostess for Perth Hunt races and the second Perth Ball. On the first day of racing she wore a rust red suit with a little dark green felt hat, and as happens everywhere she goes, she took the keenest interest in her new surroundings, and the racing, and made several visits to the paddock.

THE Princess, with her hosts and other members of their house party, lunched with the Earl and Countess of Mansfield in their private luncheon room above the grandstand. The racecourse is situated in the park of the Earl of Mansfield's seat, Scone Palace, which makes a lovely setting. Fields were small and punters had a difficult time, as several of the favourites were beaten. One of the most popular wins at the meeting was when the favourite, Miss Jane Cassell's Ronald, very well ridden by Mr. Clive Straker, won the Col. John McKie Memorial Challenge Cup.

The Earl and Countess of Mansfield were, of course, present with their daughter Lady Malvina Murray and a party of young guests. Also Capt. Clerk Rattray, this year's Preses, and Mrs. Rattray who was in navy blue, the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the latter in a grey tweed dress, Lord and Lady Forteviot and their daughters the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Penelope Dewar, the Earl of Strathmore, Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, Sir Torquil and Lady Munro with their daughter Fiona and a house party of young friends, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton and Miss Patricia Bowes-Lyon who came with the Clerk Rattrays, Major George Richmond from Murthly, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Munro, Brig. and Lady Jean Rose and Sir David Moncrieffe.

In the evening Princess Alexandra, wearing a dress of kingfisher blue, attended the Ball held by the Perth Hunt in the County Buildings, Perth. She came with Major and Mrs. David Butter whose other guests were the Hon. Diana Herbert, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, and Mr. Jocelyn Stewart Stevens. The rooms were beautifully decorated with autumn flowers, and the programme included many reels and Scottish country dances.

The Duke of Atholl was there, also the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the latter in blue with a superb diamond tiara and necklace, Capt. Iain Moncrieffe and the Countess of Errol, Earl and Countess Cadogan who brought a big party, Lord and Lady Rollo, and Capt. Clerk Rattray, whose wife wore a lovely white and gold brocade dress.



THE HON. CAMILLA GAGE, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Gage of Firl, Lewes, for whom a ball will be given in the county next year. Miss Gage attended the Garden Party at Buckingham Place this year

AMONG the young girls dancing were Lady Sarah Cadogan, Lady Margaret Sinclair, the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, dancing with Sir James Cayzer, Miss Fiona Munro in a lovely full-skirted pink frock dancing with Viscount Colville of Culross, Miss Rohais Anderson in white, Lady Carey Coke, the Hon. Myra Lopes and Miss Belinda Gold dancing with Mr. Peter Stormonth-Darling.

Many of those I have ready mentioned, racing and at the Perth Ball, were at the Angus Ball the following evening in Kirriemuir. The Earl and Countess of Airlie brought a family party including their eldest son, Lord Ogilvy, and his charming wife who wore a dress of maize coloured tulle. The Earl and Countess of Southesk also brought a party as did Lady Cayzer and her son Sir James Cayzer whose guests included Viscount Hereford and the Hon. Susan Scott Ellis. The Earl of Inchcape brought a party including his half-sister Lady Rosemary Mackay, who was among the young girls enjoying this very gay ball, where others included Miss Jane Sheffield, lovely in a white lace dress, Miss Susan Gundry who came in Sir Torquil and Lady Munro's party, and Miss Susan Clifford Turner dancing with Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling.

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SIR THOMAS BEECHAM is conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall on October 25. This is at the Victoria League's Royal Festival Hall concert which H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, has graciously promised to attend. Tickets, which range in price from five shillings to twenty-five shillings, can be had from the Victoria League, 38 Chesham Place, S.W.1.

IT is with much regret that we have to record the death on September 20 of Mr. W. C. Nisbett, a Director, and until his retirement in May of last year, the Managing Director, of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd.

TREASURE IN THE ATTIC FOR THE NEW COLLECTOR

G. BERNARD HUGHES, co-author of "After The Regency," writes here of the neglected hoard of Victoriana, now acquiring value in the eyes of collectors. Left: examples of English cloisonné enamel set in gold, marked "Elkington," such as are already finding a place in connoisseurs' cabinets

WHO can tell what chance may transform some item of yesterday's attic junk into a fashionable little exquisite to adorn the collector's cabinet? Fashions in collecting, past and future, make a fascinating study. Something near to genius is required if that study is to become consistently profitable, but for the rest of us there is incalculable satisfaction, as well as heartbreak, in this hobby. It is enough if the work acquired is distinctly out of this age, beautiful or likeable in itself, and just possibly soon to change from "outmoded" to "rare."

Glass millefiori paperweights offer astonishing evidence of what a collector's fashion can achieve. Ten years ago those solid little domes of glass, even with the finest of flowered bases, could be bought for five pounds. After all, they were scarcely a hundred years old, and had sold for a few shillings to marvelling early Victorians. Then up soared the prices, as high as 350 guineas for a faceted example in mint condition, costing no more than seven or eight shillings when new.

THAT particular fashion has apparently passed its peak. It would be difficult at present to forecast the coming of any comparable collecting craze. But the delights of that era are endless. Nothing made later than 1830 is officially considered antique, but numerous objects of industrial art of the late Georgian and early Victorian years are already enthusiastically collected. Outstanding are those beautifully modelled figures in statuary parian ware, well on their way towards becoming collectors' prizes. Parian is an unglazed, hard, creamy white porcelain of notably lustrous transparency, intended to resemble marble. It was invented in 1842 as the perfect medium for making reduced copies in quantity of the marble sculpture then fashionable.

Copeland, Minton and Wedgwood commissioned many hundreds of original statuettes from celebrated sculptors. A best-seller among Copeland parian figures was "The Greek Slave" by Hiram Powers; the original statue created a sensation at the Great Exhibition. The collector will look for busts by Count D'Orsay, equestrian figures by Baron Marochetti, the set of four Royal children, the originals commissioned by Queen Victoria from Mrs. Thorneycroft.

VENUSES were issued in great variety: Copeland alone made six versions: Venus de Milo, Venus de Medici, Venus of the Capitol, and others by Canova, Gibson and Thorwaldsen. Collectors of early signed parian statuary will eventually find themselves owners of highly valuable property.

Cabinet pieces in bone china, delicately enamelled with miniature paintings, are already a connoisseur's delight, replacing those soft paste porcelains of the eighteenth century that proved to be amazing windfalls for the heirs of Edwardian collectors. Fine bone china, celebrated for the whiteness of its body

and lustrous glaze, is the nearest approach to the true porcelain of the Orient yet devised for practical purposes. The bone china enthusiast soon learns to delight in the colours, richer than those on eighteenth-century porcelains owing to technical improvements in their preparation, and becoming even more brilliant with the introduction of the Walker firing kiln from about 1820.

GORGEOUS colours and profusions of gold characterize the period. Coloured grounds were lavishly used, including apple green, canary yellow, old rose, soft lilac, vermillion, claret, iron rust, purples. These often surround panels containing meticulously painted pictures supplemented by delicate miniatures as corner ornaments. Tea-cup interiors may be enriched by well-composed painted views, the exteriors gilded in delicate lace patterns.

The range and variety of bone china is enormous—handsome vases, cabinet cups and plates, figures, sumptuous dessert services and table ware. Some shrewd collectors specialize in the productions of a single factory such as Spode, Derby, Minton, Coalport, Davenport, Rockingham, the latter recklessly disregarding production costs in their anxiety to surpass all competitors. Unmarked pieces are perhaps in the majority, for more than fifty makers of bone china were established before 1850, many issuing superbly decorated cabinet pieces.

Staffordshire blue underglaze pottery and china made between the mid-1780s and

about 1840 has an increasing number of votaries. This ware was decorated with Oriental motifs until about 1805, but later displayed innumerable transfer-printed scenes, buildings, topical motifs, many of local interest. In America the collection of blue Staffordshire printed with views or portrait medallions associated with that country has already developed into a craze.

Yet in Britain prices remain reasonable even for early examples. For instance, a rare veilleuse complete with cup and lamp bearing an early Spode mark was recently bought in central London for a few shillings. Collecting complete series of pictures such as the seventy-two Doctor Syntax designs or the two dozen Don Quixote patterns issued by the potters J. and R. Clews, or a complete set of one hundred English views by Enoch Wood and Sons, may well bring its own financial reward in the not-too-distant future.

COLLECTOR'S luck might be defined as chance, flair, taste, knowledge. Sporting antiques, for example, cover such a wide range of objects that the "lucky" collector has endless opportunities, whether he specializes in a single sport or devotes himself to one type of article, such as sporting lustre jugs.

Sporting snuff boxes, cigar cases, engraved glass, earthenware groups, and enamelled tie-pins are a few of the sporting fashions which should be watched closely by the enterprising collector making the rounds of the antique shops today.



Three of Queen Victoria's favourite dogs, Dash, Hector and Nero, painted in oils on a Gothic-shaped papier-mâché tray. It is now in the collection of H.M. the Queen

Picture trays of japanned iron and papier-mâché, like bouquets of fresh flowers, contributed gleams of radiance into late Georgian and Victorian homes. Contemporary observers preferred papier-mâché as being lighter in weight and possessing a surface of greater brilliancy than those of tinned iron. Their black lacquer grounds enriched with gold and glowing colours were often painted with pictures of considerable merit, although the majority were the work of now-unknown copyists.

Signed master-trays are to be found, and such an example usually bears the maker's name on the back, and cypher letters. Joseph Barney (1751; 1823), for instance, produced several hundred master trays, receiving a royalty on all copies: he was flower and fruit painter to George III and a Royal Academy exhibitor for many years. Later he became a tray decorator in Wolverhampton.

MUSICAL boxes which chimed and tinkled in Victorian drawing rooms are fast becoming collectors' rarities. These elaborate toys can now be repaired, so that even defective examples may be hailed with delight and cajoled into their unsophisticated renderings of forgotten favourites. They range from those in polished rosewood cases with a repertoire of half a dozen tunes, to elaborate inlaid cases containing interchangeable programmes with orchestral effects.

Dates of these fascinating mechanisms may be approximated by the music shown on the programme card contained in the lid. Until about 1835 operatic selections were chiefly used. Ballads and folk songs had a vogue from 1835 until 1850, six or eight being played. Then came a demand for short overtures reproduced at full length and note perfect. During the period 1855 to 1875 the musical box most usually played six or eight waltzes; afterwards music-hall tunes predominated.

COLLECTORS of domestic silver pre-dating about 1800 have discovered some of the loveliest craftsmanship ever accomplished in this country, and have profited, too. Early nineteenth-century examples can scarcely be expected to prove such treasures, mainly consisting, as they do, of florid conglomerations of chased castings. But even here there are exceptions, such as the productions of two or three highly publicised late Georgian silversmiths. There is every indication, however, that small silverware will become an established collecting fashion.

The scope is wide: nutmeg graters dating from the late eighteenth century to the 1850s; wine and sauce labels 1750-1850s; buckles and buttons; mustard pots and salt cellars; vinaigrettes; thimbles, posy holders.

IT should be remembered that anything distinctive of a period, hand-worked, beautiful and fragile, and which is no longer produced, is well on the way to becoming scarce and, potentially, a collector's treasure. Present trends make it reasonably safe to forecast that coming fashions in collecting will include jet and ivory carvings, English lithographs, patchwork quilts, compendiums, snuff handkerchiefs, and wax fruits and flowers under protecting domes of glass. Such pieces bring their own intrinsic pleasure: if they fail in that they are better left unbought.

Even Joe Quinney, that shrewd genius created by Horace Annesley Vachell, found no easy route from his father's provincial curio shop to the forefront of London's antiques world. The story is made up of his trials on the way, his discouragements, the bitter days when he had been "had," his strokes of genius, his rejection of all that was not admirable and fine. Those who acquire the pastime of collecting must accept similar discipline if they are to experience true collectors' delight.



A musical box with painted front which plays the Rosita Valse and other tunes. It is by a Baker Street maker, A. Boucher, and is also in the Queen's collection



From the Spode-Copeland museum comes this early nineteenth-century Spode teapot in bone china decorated in Japanese style with brilliant colours and very rich gilding



Roundabout

Paul Holt

THE opening night of commercial television was quite an occasion, rather like a general election, or the twenty-first birthday rout of the heir to the title and estates.

It had its starting troubles, of course.

Two days before opening night it became clear to me that, although I had a TV set which had knobs which switched from one channel to another, I had no aerial, so I telephoned to the aerial people.

They had a confession to make. They had forgotten, too.

But they were brave. They said that if I would keep it a deep secret from the neighbours (and they made me promise) they would send a man round to smuggle one to me. I asked if he would come at night but he said no; he would come in the daytime because he could keep the aerial covered up under his coat.

"But what shall we make it look like, when we put it up?" I asked. "A Christmas tree on the roof won't do. And storks

don't nest on chimney pots in England."

"Indoors," he said, cunningly.

So it is now pinned to a bookshelf; and none of the neighbours know.

Opening night was the greatest fun. So many of my friends wanted to come. There was a man in Anglo-Iranian oil I used to know in Cairo who brought a blonde and rather beautiful Soviet Russian.

AN Italian actress with copper-red hair, a county matron from near Newbury in Berkshire, a Scotswoman married to a Hungarian writer, the editor of an Irish newspaper (who looked very tired) and a pretty dark woman who claimed that she has Portuguese and Goan blood in her veins, with a touch of Aberdeen were there, too.

A fine mixture.

They all sat staring but within the first half hour they were becoming intensely bored by the pompousness of

the whole thing. They began to chatter.

And then one of those sudden hushes fell on the room.

The first Commercial was being screened. It was something about The Toothpaste That Tingles. They loved it.

Then another entertainment came on, with such distinguished players as Dame Edith Evans and Sir John Gielgud, in *The Importance Of Being Earnest*. Some attention was paid to this, although I would not say that it was a wholly interested audience.

YET another hush. A Commercial was saying Lipsticks That Dry Lips Shall Never Touch Mine. We all took this seriously and then went back to our conversation, which was frivolous.

It suddenly occurred to me that there was a game to be played here. I wondered what would happen if I switched knobs between I.T.A., the commercial channel, and dear old B.B.C.

On I.T.A. there was Mr. Billy Cotton, a durable band leader, shouting his mating call "Wakey-wakey!" known to millions, but the B.B.C. were being magnificently subtle, for they had on their famous quiz show *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral* and there was Professor Bodkin saying that he thought the object in his hand was a Chinese malachite seal, which had been presented to the panel by Prince Massimo, who is not only a direct descendant of Julius Caesar but also the husband of the film starlet Dawn Addams.

We played this game for the rest of the evening, and I thought the B.B.C. won hands down.

It was interesting to watch, too, the expressions on the faces of my guests. For often in the middle of some witticism their eyes would be caught by something odd on the screen, so they would have to hold the sentences in their minds while they watched, then repeat them—often they came out rather oddly.

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It is said that the Teddy Boys are now taking to the pork pie hat and tweeds. This is most unfair of them. It was the clubmen and aristocrats of the land who began the fashion for Edwardian clothes just after the war and they were alarmed to find themselves followed so closely by the small spivs in this style. Now it is happening again. So what will the poor aristocrats do now poor things? Take to jabots and snuff?

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THE hobble skirt interests me. It has come back again in the autumn fashions.

Could it be that women want to look ridiculous? I met a young woman who was wearing a switch (or bun) on the back of her head and she said to me that her young man had asked her to do it. He found it pleasing. She'll wear a hobble skirt, too. For there is no doubt that women today are seeking for a kind of retreat from independence. They want to be owned.

They are putting themselves into hobble skirts in order to get away from their hard-won independence, and men should watch out for this new trend. It means that no longer are women in love with the idea that was put into their heads by H. G. Wells and J. M. Barrie in *Ann Veronica* and *The Twelve Pound Look*. They don't want any more to run away, to have the windswept look and the swaggering walk and to behave like cabin boys. They want to become females again.

I must say I rather approve of the idea.

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AN American mother was telling her son the facts of life.

Said Johnny at the end: "Don't men have babies?"

"No, darling. Only women have babies."

Said Johnny: "Not even Americans?"



SALVADOR DALÍ, who this year celebrates the first thirty years of apparently eternal youth in art, has recently painted Sir Laurence Olivier in his rôle of Richard III, which it is hoped will be shown coincidentally with the film's première. This brilliant son of a Catalonian notary has given his eccentricities such world-wide circulation that the high intrinsic quality of his art often goes unnoticed—though its subject matter and surface treatment never. His name is indissolubly linked with Surrealism, though it is a phase which he has long transcended—transfigured might be a better word. His interpretation of Shakespeare's royal villain, as expressed in Sir Laurence's lightning-charged countenance, should be a memorable work indeed



Mrs. O. W. Reynolds and Miss G. Larsen who were admiring the display of Frau Karl Druschke roses on one of the stands

AUTUMNAL GLORIES AT THE R.H.S. SHOW

LARGE crowds attended the opening day of the Royal Horticultural Society's great autumn show, at the Society's Halls in Vincent Square, Westminster. The many magnificent exhibits on the stands included flowers, fruit and autumn tinted shrubs



Mr. and Mrs. A. J. G. Hands at the show. There were some fine large-fruited shrub roses, notably sealing wax red, in Hilliers' collection



Miss Maureen Trendell and Mrs. L. Trendell were among those interested in the variety of early flowering chrysanthemums



Mrs. D. Reffell and Mrs. P. Norrish were studying their catalogues. The show filled both the Society's halls at Westminster

At the Races

JUMPIN' AND BUMPIN'

THE strifes of the gladiators (to quote the "Oxford Statutes") being still an attraction for so many, the arrival of another jumping season is always hailed by a section of the multitude as a chance for indulging that savage instinct. It always happens just at the time when we begin to forget what has won the Derby. The really serious operations over fences do not start till the Aintree November meeting with such things as the Sefton, the Becher and so forth, and, let us hope that by then this coughing scourge will be only a hideous memory.

Why, after such a long spell of almost perfect summer weather, we should have been so smitten, is one of those things that no fella can understand. The pestilent germ, however, is always hanging around and about and waiting for an opportunity to jump in and do his unpleasant stuff. The weather, damp clothes and that sort of thing, have little to do with it!

Why, for instance, is it that people who may be compelled to live out in the open and go to bed in soggy raiment in a flea-bag, hardly ever have a cold in the head; yet horses lapped in luxury in the best possible weather conditions go down like a lot of ninepins? That bug again!



En passant one of the best young jockeys we have had for a generation might find when he has to take on the rougher and tougher business of jumping, that silence is golden, and speech not always silver. Incidentally, the same rules as on the flat apply to jumping, excepting at the moment when you are actually up in the air. Bump, cross or do any other fancy business when on the flat between the fences, and you are for it right away; but over the actual obstacle, except in a case of deliberate foul riding (putting someone through the wing, for instance), you are more or less immune.

I HEAR from Australia that they are suffering from a dingo deluge, and that this fierce little sheep-killer is making himself most unpleasant, particularly in Queensland, round about Cooper's Creek and Windorah in the Brisbane district. The dingo, who is pure dog by descent, is usually a lone hunter, but at the moment he has broken out in swarms, and packs of a hundred and over are reported. They have even had to try poison dropping from aircraft, but not with much success, so I gather, for the dingoes are so numerous.

An extract from a Queensland paper, which is not named, is as follows: "Even near the township of Windorah you can see them in hundreds. I have done a lot of air baiting of dingoes, but I never believed I would see such terrific mobs prowling right through the channel country."

The Australian fox, a smaller animal than our own, is also said to be joining in, but he, in his turn, is being tackled by the eagles, who previously had been accused of being lamb killers. The most damage, however, is being caused by the fierce and untameable dingo, who without his tail is more than a foot and a half long and far more powerful than our fox, who has ere now been accused of pulling down a full-grown sheep. The dingo seems to be as bad as the wolves used to be in this country. Bad cess to him!

—SABRETACHE



Left : H.R.H. Princess Alexandra brought the sunshine with her after heavy rain. She was here talking to Lord Ogilvy (left), son and heir of the Earl of Airlie, and Major D. Butter, her host



Right : Miss Selina Hervey-Bathurst and Miss Alicia Cooke were being escorted by Mr. Alastair Leslie at the Scone Palace Racecourse, near the Coronation place of the old Kings

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA SAW RACING AT PERTH

THAT important event of the Scottish season, the Perth Hunt Races at Scone, was this year honoured by the presence of Princess Alexandra, who came over from Dunkeld. Although rain fell at intervals, the two days' racing was of a quality which fully justified the large attendance, many from afar



Above : Mrs. Clerk Rattray, of Rattray, the Hunt Preses' wife, presents the Colonel John McKie Memorial Challenge Cup to Miss Jane Cassell, owner of Ronald, which won this hurdle race. With Miss Cassell is standing the Preses



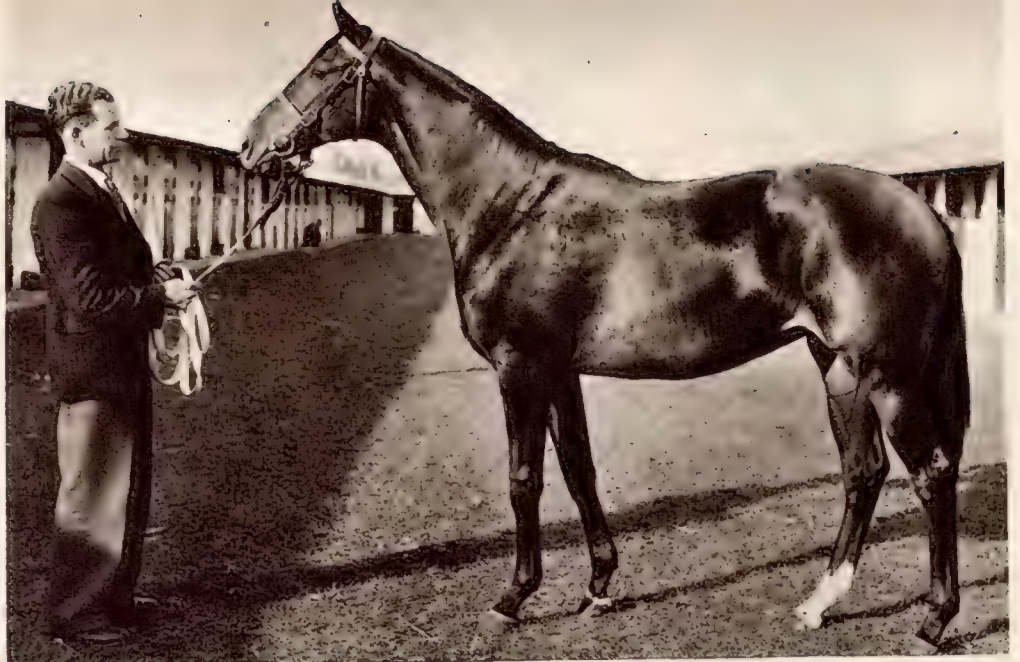
Left : Countess Cadogan, Lord Plinkett and the Marchioness of Lansdowne watching preparations for a race on the second day of this good meeting



Right : Miss Phyllida Plowder, Mr. Robert Puller and the Hon. C. M. Napier, brother of Lord Napier and Ettrick, on their way to the stands

BALLSBRIDGE YEARLINGS PLEASED THE EXPERTS

YEARLINGS at the Ballsbridge Autumn Sale were of exceptionally good quality, and excellent prices were realised. Buyers from all the great racing centres were there, and the opinion was frequently expressed that several potential winners of classics were among the lots offered



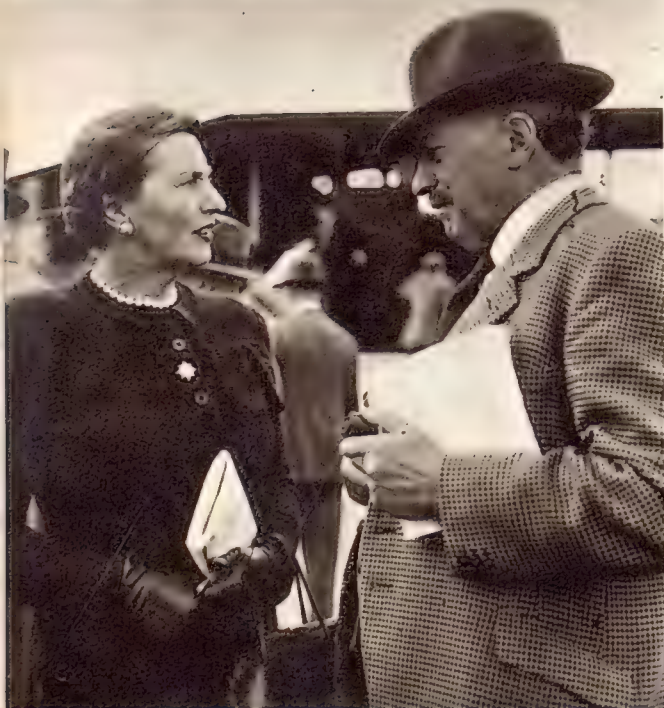
Best price was made by this brown filly by Royal Charger out of the French-bred Gregas, submitted by the Irish National Stud. Mr. P. J. Prendergast bought her for 7500 guineas for the Kindangan Stables



The Earl of Harrington, the Irish breeder, chats with Lady Dorothy Mack, the owner, sister of the Duke of Westminster



The Hon. Herbrand Alexander, D.S.O., of Loughlinstown House, Co. Dublin, brother of the Earl of Caledon, marking his catalogue, with the Baroness de Robeck, from Naas, Kildare (left), and Mrs. Alexander



Mrs. Harry Rooney, from Co. Meath, discussing a session with Mr. M. J. Mitchell, the breeder and owner



Sir George Anthony Clark, Bt., the owner, and Lady Clark were among many visitors who came from Northern Ireland



Lady Belinda Dugdale, wife of Mr. William Dugdale, the English owner, with Mrs. George Robenson, from Co. Kildare

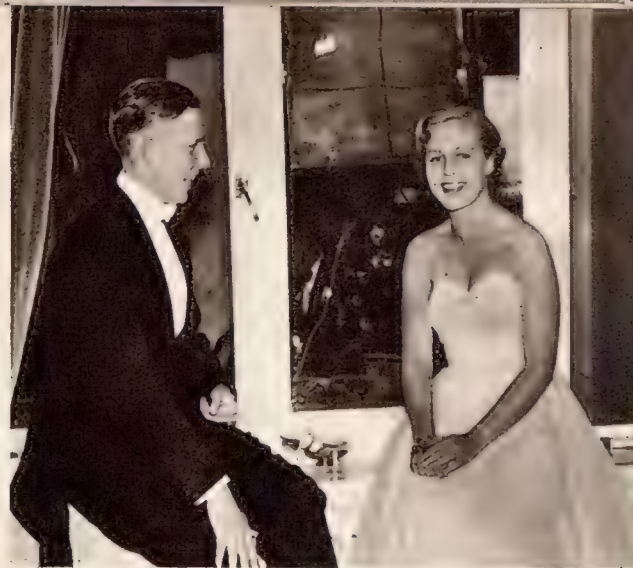
Charles C. Fennell

A COMING-OF-AGE IN THE COUNTRY

MR. and MRS. W. G. SPICE, of Wintney Court Farm, Hartley Wintney, Hants, gave an enjoyable party for their daughter, Miss Maureen Spice, who was presented at a March Court this year



Mr. Rodney Sykes and Miss Jennifer Tanburn were chatting to friends



Mr. William Hopton-Scott and Miss Sarah Fitzgerald sitting out between dances



Miss Kris Krabbe and Mr. Philip Bremridge were dancing a quick-step together



Mr. and Mrs. Spice with their family, Gordon, Andrea, Derek, Martyn John and Miss Maureen Spice, for whom the party was given



Mr. Jeremy Bremridge partnered Miss Jennifer Mallock in a waltz

Swabe



Mr. John St. Clair Crondona and Miss Elizabeth Noyes were two of the guests at the party



Right: Mr. Nicholas Tremlett and Miss Sheila Gamble were joining friends in the garden

At the Theatre

DUEL IN THE FACTORY

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

IT is the secret belief of women that their menfolk make heavy weather of problems that a little feminine good sense would quickly smooth out. Running a nursery successfully teaches that the world is only a larger nursery. If the grown-up children in it appear to have got rather out of hand, the reason is that they are in the habit of taking such essentially simple games as politics and business much too seriously—and there are moments when men, exasperated by some fantastic perversion of political or industrial principle, are half-inclined to the same view.

So *Lucky Strike* at the Apollo—a farcical comedy about a maddeningly well-meaning woman who tries to run a factory by the light of pure feminine intuition—is assured of a good mixed audience. Some will be ready to laugh at the workings of trade union principles, some at the workings of woman's intuition. Mr. Michael Butt has supplied both parties with plenty of lively lines, and a most serviceable company, led by Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts, takes the whole thing with brisk effectiveness.

Mrs. Salesby is a large employer who is maternally fond of her work-people, but the principles which the trade unions have laboriously established mean less than nothing to her. If one of her shop stewards will not take her advice and marry the mother of his child she dismisses him. She meets the protest of the strike committee with the reasonably sweet assurance that she will reinstate the man as soon as he has done the right thing by the girl, but not a moment before.

THE scene of Mrs. Salesby confronting the sympathetic but principle-tied strike committee plays like a delicious parody of some old Galsworthy play: she stands for moral right and the committee for the even higher considerations of industrial expediency. The committee get nowhere with an employer who sees herself as a Nannie firmly insisting that right must be done before the silly nursery game can be allowed to go on.

Mr. Brett exploits this situation skilfully. He surrounds it with a nice selection of people likely to be infuriated by Mrs. Salesby's way of doing



TWO SMOOTH CHARACTERS, Hugh Wallis (Peter Rosser) and Tom Spragge (William Franklyn), the cause of all the trouble, get together in a little double-crossing

the wrong thing with the best of motives. There is the fatuous Tory candidate whose chances of winning the local by-election are apparently wrecked by the strike which his associate has blandly provoked. Mr. Peter Rosser gets good, quick fun out of this political babe-in-arms, especially when no less a personage than the Prime Minister comes through on the telephone to urge the higher considerations of political expediency on Mrs. Salesby and can almost be heard rebounding painfully from his ill-advised long-distance encounter with woman's intuition. The sufferings of the luckless candidate are well indicated by Mr. Rosser.

THERE is the overbearing, self-important business man after a partnership in the firm. He has a large confidence in his own expertness in industrial relations, a confidence which is shown to be wholly misplaced. Mr. John Boxer makes him a roaring tycoon, which is obviously what the author intends, though it is perhaps a pity that he should roar on only one note. And there are the strike committee composed of two conservatively-minded workers and one young hot-head. They are neatly differentiated by Mr. Douglas Ives, Mr. Michael Barker and Mr. Arthur Lovegrove, and they have two or three excellent scenes.

With these characters the author keeps the joke going agreeably, with old-fashioned maternalism in industry losing most of the battles but winning the last with an unscrupulous but amusing stroke of blackmail.

There is a sagging moment when the foolish candidate resorts to blackmail, but the situation is retrieved by Mr. William Franklyn's neatly comic sketch of the cause of all the trouble, a lad who perversely insists that a forced marriage cannot be contemplated without the *pourboire* of a garage.



DEADLOCK IN THE FACTORY. Mrs. Salesby (Ambrosine Phillpotts) tries, without abandoning her viewpoint, to smooth the ruffled feelings of her employees Joe Hurst (Douglas Ives), Charlie Maggs (Arthur Lovegrove) and Bill Giles (Michael Barker), while Sir William Garrick, C.B.E. (John Boxer), holds very worriedly a watching brief for the shareholders



Angus McBean

A CHANGE OF WITCHES AT THE PHOENIX THEATRE

JOAN GREENWOOD, whose elfin air and husky voice have in themselves a hint of sorcery, has taken over the role of that other very enchanting witch Lilli Palmer in *Bell, Book and Candle*. With her in this picture is her aristocratic familiar, Pyewacket, the Siamese cat, whose importance to the play calls for an understudy, a part undertaken by his brother. Miss Greenwood came to *Bell, Book and Candle* fresh from her considerable triumphs in American television as Countess Irina in *The King and Mrs. Candle*. She lives in a studio flat in Chelsea and in her spare time enjoys cooking—a most traditional hobby for a witch

At the Pictures

SPEAKEASY GHOSTS

IT'S 1927 in Kansas City—and the speakeasies are thronged with sodden suckers all paying good money for bad hooch. Gangsters run a lucrative protection racket, victimising clip-joint proprietors to such an extent that the poor devils get to wondering how they can dilute the water with which they dilute the whiskey. Band leaders have the worst time: they're pursued by drunken débutantes demanding attention, as well as by gunmen demanding a cut of their pay packet. All this accounts for *Pete Kelly's Blues*.

JACK WEBB, wearing the poker-face he wore as the cop in *Dragnet*, plays Pete Kelly—a jazz-band leader who has the blues real bad. You can't wonder. He's under the fleshy thumb of Mr. Edmond O'Brien—a very nasty piece of work who doesn't hesitate to have Mr. Kelly's drummer bumped off for refusing to part with his salary. This not only ruins the band's set-up but leaves Mr. Kelly with a nagging feeling that he ought to do something about it.

He doesn't get around to working out just what for quite some time because he is perpetually pestered by Miss Janet Leigh—a dizzy society dame.

At last, spurred into action by his clarinet-player, Mr. Kelly grabs a gun from a bin of noodles in a speakeasy pantry and goes off to avenge the dead drummer-boy. The final scene, in a deserted dance-hall, with flickering lights casting monstrous shadows, gunmen lurking in dim corners and a body plunging through the ceiling on to a glittering chandelier, indicates that Mr. Webb, who directed the picture, is a student of Mr. Alfred Hitchcock's work—though still in the beginners' class.

Undoubtedly the most memorable things in the film are Miss Peggy Lee's performance as a pathetic alcoholic and Miss Ella Fitzgerald's rendering of Hard-Hearted Hannah (who, you may remember, had such a horrid disposition, she'd pour water on a drowning man).

MISS JANE WYMAN has the title-rôle in *Lucy Gallant*—and it is unlikely to affect her career one way or another. She arrives, by chance, at a small Texas town where oil is booming. Observing that the newly-rich women are inexpressibly dowdy, she sells off to them a Paris-made trousseau which she happens to have in her trunks, and opens a fashion house on the proceeds.



Charlton Heston tries to persuade Jane Wyman to change *haute couture* for matrimony in *Lucy Gallant*

Mr. Charlton Heston, who's going to be a multi-millionaire any minute, cannot prevail upon Miss Wyman to marry him until the last reel. By then she has, according to Miss Edith Head, "made Texas the Fashion Centre of the World." I don't know what M. Dior will say.

Miss Wyman walks through the picture very prettily without ever putting a foot wrong, and Miss Claire Trevor and Miss Thelma Ritter are competent and cosy as a couple of millionaire matrons who take to togs in a big way and order their diamonds by the bushel. But it's just another career *v.* marriage movie, after all.

"GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES" has Miss Jane Russell, a fugitive from five furious fiancés whom she has contracted through an inborn inability to say "No," flying to Paris with her sister, Miss Jeanne Crain. An American agent, Mr. Scott Brady, looks the shapely pair of brunettes over and offers to get them a job at the Folies Bergère. He is prevented from doing so by their prudish objection to the costumes suggested—a single-strand rhinestone G-string and a small muff.

A singer, Mr. Rudy Vallee—who can still out-croon anybody but Mr. Crosby—recalls how the girls' mother and aunt (Misses Russell and Crain), two gorgeous platinum blondes, were the delight and the scandal of Paris in the 1920's. An obliging millionaire (Mr. Alan Young) sees that the brunettes achieve equal notoriety in 1955.

In the flashbacks, the modes and the manners of the 'twenties are deliciously guyed in the Mr. Sandy Wilson style. The rest of the film is a bit of a bore—cluttered with picture-postcard shots of Paris and "Monty Carlo," and pretentious song-and-dance numbers.

"MY SISTER EILEEN" is a musical remake, in CinemaScope and Technicolor, of the 1944 talking picture. The story of the two sisters from Columbus, Ohio, who take a crazy catacomb of a basement flat in Greenwich Village and hope to conquer New York as a writer and an actress, is by now familiar, but this latest version is so delightfully fresh and lively, it is well worth seeing.

Miss Janet Leigh has only to look pretty as Eileen, and this she does with ease. Miss Betty Garrett, as Ruth, the aspiring authoress, gives an enchantingly witty performance—which is engagingly matched by that of Mr. Jack Lemmon as the merry magazine publisher. There is some brilliant dancing from Messrs. Tommy Rall and Robert Fosse, and nobody, I think, will be able to resist the inarticulate appeal of Mr. Richard York as Wreck—the all-in wrestler, sacked for over-acting in the ring.

—Elsbeth Grant



JEANNE CRAIN'S current film is *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, with Jane Russell as co-star. Miss Crain is married to a radio manufacturer and has four children. She is a native Californian, and her recreations include sculpture and skating. Her next film is *The Second Greatest Sex*

Television

THE LUCKY DIP APPROACH

Freda Bruce Lockhart

MY present nightmare is a picture of TV (both types) as a monstrous spider inviting viewers into the studio parlour, no longer to play panel games, but to join in "audience participation." And when all the viewers are participating, who will be left to view?

Friday night I.T.A. invites you to "Take Your Pick." It is already easy to see the fascination of watching people make asses of themselves over forfeits, resist ready money for a mystery package or—most revealing of all—fail to last a minute without saying "Yes" or "No." I find it less easy to understand the unselfconscious eagerness of audiences to participate, although a £25 "treasure chest" (among less lucky dips) is, of course, an inducement. Nor do I find Michael Miles as comfortable a host as, say, Wilfrid Pickles.

Mr. Pickles, I think, introduced the topsyturvy practice of intervention by TV in viewers' lives and "Ask Pickles" reopens for the B.B.C. on the same night as "Take Your Pick" on I.T.A. Nobody can say the B.B.C. lags behind its rivals in trying to grapple the viewer to it.

Whether the Conservative Party Conference (Thursday to Saturday) counts as an "audience participation" show I am not sure.

UNTIL now, I have only seen one I.T.A. programme descend near the worst fears expressed of commercial TV. Introduced by Tommy Trinder into "Sunday Night at the London Palladium," "Beat the Clock" is officially described as "America's most popular audience-participation show." But I don't know whether British viewers will take with enjoyment to a gamble so decidedly unsporting. The victims or volunteers seemed to take in good enough part their consolation prizes of a travelling clock or a typewriter, instead of the motor-bicycle or the refrigerator they hoped for. But the apparent physical impossibility of the last task set them to perform in twenty or forty-five seconds savoured almost like the mock auction which was so ably pilloried on B.B.C. television.

AMENITIES to be offered the B.B.C.'s afternoon women viewers include tips on dress from Norman Hartnell and consultation with a TV woman doctor, Dr. Winifred Kok. "Club Nights" on Fridays (this week it is the "Gardening Club") are another innovation to make viewers feel at home in their own parlours.

To-night, to-morrow and Saturday at least the B.B.C. can offer viewers the programme which probably comes nearer than any since the Coronation to pleasing all tastes. I mean, of course, the international jumping events at the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay.

Certainly, in the present phase the B.B.C.'s two strongest cards for trumping commercial novelties are Outside Broadcasts, including horse shows—and this week Ascot, too—and Eurovision.

Last month's performance of *Tosca* from Milan was a triumphant thrill, despite a break in vision.



THAT GREAT AMERICAN SISTER ACT, the ever-popular *My Sister Eileen*, is redressed as a musical in CinemaScope and Technicolor for the latest version which is put over with immense sparkle and verve by (above) Betty Garrett and Jack Lemmon, with Janet Leigh as Eileen

The Gramophone

STARTING TAPE (STEREOSONIC)



STEREOSONIC sound reproduction was demonstrated to the general public for the first time at the recent Radio Show at Earls Court, and the tremendous interest it aroused argues well for this latest development in recorded sound, one which is bound to have enormous repercussions on the future of music on record.

The idea of stereosonic sound is by no means new. Experiments were made in the Paris Opera House to achieve two-channel reproduction as long ago as 1881, but it was not until 1929 that the Columbia Graphophone Company began to tackle the problem in earnest.

BY 1933 the research department at Hayes had evolved a method of making a single-groove record containing two channels by means of a combination of lateral and "hill-and-dale" recording. It was found too difficult to adapt this method successfully to commercially-produced discs, but when H.M.V. perfected a method of producing tape records, it made available a means of recording and reproduction which was inherently free from the limitations of disc records.

H.M.V. stereosonic tape records and reproducing equipment were first introduced to the Trade and Press in April this year by Sir Malcolm Sargent at a demonstration in the E.M.I. recording studios, and it was then that he described them as "the one fundamental development in sound recording and reproduction which musicians have been awaiting for years."

SIR MALCOLM himself conducts the Philharmonic Orchestra playing Dvorak's Concerto in B Minor, with Paul Tortelier solo cello, and this tape is amongst the first released yesterday (H.M.V. SAT. 100/1).

Prokofiev's Classical Symphony No. 1 in D Major is played by the Philharmonia, conducted by Nicolai Malko (H.M.V. SDT. 1750), and of the remaining initial tapes on the market, the Regimental Band and Massed Pipes of H.M. Scots Guards present "The Scots Guards on Parade," Volume 1 (Columbia BTC. 502), whilst music in lighter vein, "Interlude for Melody," is played effectively and efficiently by Philip Green and his Orchestra (Columbia LTD. 701).

—Robert Tredinnick



The bride and bridegroom with the best man, Capt. Michael Onslow-Fane, and

A MILITARY WEDDING IN CHESTER SQUARE

A GUARD of honour, consisting of members of the bridegroom's regiment, formed up outside the church when Capt. James David Kentish Barnes, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, married Miss Julie Ann Pinckney at St. Michael's, Chester Square, after which a reception was held at the Hyde Park Hotel. Jennifer describes it on page 13



Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney, the parents of the bride, who live at Bagshot, in Surrey



Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kentish Barnes, the bridegroom's parents, from Cheshire



Mr. and Mrs. child bridal attendants Swaebe



Mr. Jeremy Pinckney, brother of the bride, talking to Miss Alexandra Welsh



Miss Judy Rutherford, with Mr. Robin Cavendish and the Hon. Robert Biddulph



Mrs. Clarkson Webb, her mother, Lady Wakefield, and Mr. George Walker



Miss Gay Pinckney, who is a cousin of the bride, and Mr. Colin Simpson



Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Collier were toasting the bride and bridegroom



Mrs. R. F. A. Duthy, escorted by Mr. Robin Duthy and Miss Fiona Duthy

Standing By . . . D. B. Wyndham Lewis

AE FOND KISS

IN the publicity-racket the boys are muttering, we find, that this new cosy-comfort chorus by all the big banks together ("Just drop in and lay your head on the Manager's bosom . . .") is all right so far as it goes, but how far is it going?

The next development in the bank-parlour is obviously the presence of the Manager's dear old silver-haired mother, knitting placidly by the fireside and crooning *In the Gloaming*, and Joe and Izzy of Swiftsure Publicity think Mother should have a gun. "One of these City guys he gets fresh," argued Joe, "so what does Mom do? Well, see, she can't do a thing but take a pop at him with a knitting-needle, so what?" Izzy said: "By me it is all apple-sauce so Mom she is not like a tiger on the draw, *bazoo*." They then broke spontaneously into a short illustrative drama, Izzy taking the part of Mom and Joe "doubling" the Manager and the Fresh City Customer. Read on.

Drama

CUTTING the preliminaries, we will come to the big scene:

MOM (*unexpectedly whipping out gun*): Grab the sky, louse.

MANAGER: Okay, Mom, you're great. (*Strokes her hair*).

F.C.C. (*hands up, whining*): This don't look so homey to me, Mister.

MANAGER: How come?

F.C.C.: I mean old lady manager, I mean that look in her eye. I mean it's *mean*.

MANAGER (*sharply*): That's no way to talk about my Mom. My Mom she raised me to talk nice. When folks don't talk back nice my Mom she gets all sored up, see? That's my Mom.

(*Pause*.)

I fancy we were discussing your deposit-account, sir? (*Chat resumed*.)

Izzy snarled a trifle excessively, perhaps, as Mom, but Joe's craven terror as the Fresh City Customer was nearly as good as Olivier's Macbeth, we thought. It seems worth doing, in translation.

Shock

LARGE snakes in these islands are (like large women in these islands) almost certainly incapable of harm, we gather from our favourite Nature boy. It is chiefly the adder which gets a lot of fun out of biting the Race. But if you bite him first, smartly, he recoils in amazement (a chap was telling us) and looks a perfect fool.

The element of surprise . . .

You probably remember that débutante who came out some time ago and a week or two later was asked by the Lord Chamberlain, as a personal favour, to go in again. Her mother said: "We were not expecting this. It is a great surprise. Muriel is a high-spirited girl, full of the joy of life, and to keep her in a box, as officially suggested, will be rather difficult." As it happened it was not; once the shock was over, Muriel settled down very quickly in her box and still enjoys a good book and a quiet chat with friends. Her engagement ("Mayfair Box Girl Romance Mystery Drama Sensation") to a wellknown admirer of Handy Boxes, Ltd., and the Safe Packaging Co., was front-page news quite recently.

To return to the adders. Surprise-tactics like biting first are equally effective, gentlemen tell us, with tiny, formidable women, whose breath is completely taken away. Oh, the wild questioning in those glorious eyes!

To dream of women whose beauty was folded in dismay,
Even in an old story, is a burden not to be borne . . .

It all depends, as Slogger Joad used to say.

Gauloiserie

PHOTOGRAPHS in the Parisian papers of the recent French National Bowls Championship contests confirmed our impression that the special kind of Gaul addicted to this peculiar game does not normally speed the running bowl with those frenzied prayers, curses, charms, yells, incantations, and Dervish-dances common to our native greens.

A theory that this deadpan type of Gaul, common in the North, does it deliberately to annoy the Island Race came to us years ago



"Cookers or eaters?"

on closely observing a tall, thin, cold, glum, well-groomed, silent advisory-expert on heavy industry from Lille who never opened his wooden jaws at a Paris business-conference except to grunt three times, pessimistically, the word "*possible*." You ask how we ever got into a circle of slap-up men of affairs. We happened to be staying with the Chairman. You ask (with a palpable sneer) how the likes of us could ever be intimate with the rich and powerful. Well, we're afraid we can't go into that—it involves the honour of a good woman. Oh-er-sorry. Er-ehrm. Not at all.

Well, this engineering boy (to resume) so angered us by being the precise opposite of everything a Frenchman is known across the Channel to be, that we suspected it was all on our account, and we were right. Next day we caught sight of him in a restaurant talking vivaciously, eating huge quantities of bread, looking at women, and knowing no geography, and the rosette was back in his buttonhole. Aha!

Awakening

LINES inspired, in a throb of love and compassion, by a Fleet Street boy's cry that "West End restaurants and clubs were happy all last night, owing to the arrival of a shipload of Russian caviare at London Docks after a temporary shortage."

The febrile chatter dies away,

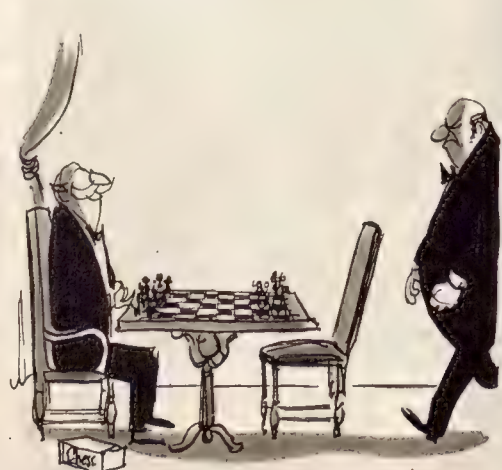
The light fades out of glorious eyes;
Headwaiters note the close of play
With shocked surprise.

One mouthful of Beluga . . . (*Pause*).

A rosy dream-world cracks and crashes;
Once more despondent wooden jaws
Champ dust and ashes.

Pulvis et umbra—from the Dark
Illusion mocks a vanished thrill,
Leaving no traces but the mark
Upon the bill.

~~~~~BRIGGS . . . by Graham~~~~~







## EXCITING PLAY IN GIRLS' GOLF

THE Girls' Golf Championship, held at Beaconsfield, was won by Angela Ward aged eighteen, winner of the championships of Denmark, Germany, Sweden and Kent County. She defeated Miss A. Gardner from Berkhamsted 5 and 4 in the finals. Above: The clubhouse at Beaconsfield



Miss Enid Wilson (girl champion in 1925),  
Miss Wanda Morgan, and Miss Cecilia Leitch



Twins Judith and Jacqueline Scott drawn  
against each other in Round 1, with their mother



Left: Alison Gardner, the runner-up,  
with her brother Donald who cad-  
died for her, and her sister Virginia



Right: Mr. and  
Mrs. J. Ward,  
their son Clive, and  
their daughter  
Angela, the winner  
of the championship



## Priscilla in Paris

A VISION OF  
THE 1870's

EARLY-RISING visitors, in town for the Salon de l'Automobile, staying at any of the hotels overlooking the Place Vendôme and the rues de Rivoli or Castiglione, must have had rather a shock when, on Sunday morning, they looked out of their windows.

Charming ladies in poufs and furbelows, follow-me-lad ringlets and nose-tickling veils sauntered in the strangely quiet thoroughfare. They were squired by mustachioed, side-whiskered males wearing frock-coats and stove-pipe toppers or cut-away jackets and square-topped bowlers. Horse-drawn vehicles crawled leisurely. Here a smart victoria, an elegant phaeton; there a towering omnibus ("Full outside, lady!"), a cumbersome, family landau.

DASHING young men in tight sponge-bag trousers, wavering perilously on bone-shakers, were sworn at by the drivers. . . . Could this be Paris? Yes! There was Napoleon, showing his knees, a-top the Colonne Vendôme, there were the Arcades and the familiar, white, light globes and, in the distance, the tall, spiked railings of the Tuileries gardens. But where, oh where, were the automobiles, the scooters, the taxis and other noise-and-smell makers?

Our visitors staggered back to bed to sleep it off! Woke later and laughed at their queer dream. I like to think that when, next spring, they see Michael Todd's film *Round the World in Eighty Days* they will realise that they have not dreamed and that Paris clocks were put back for a few hours to the days of Jules Verne.

SOME critics say that the death scene was too long. Perhaps it was, but it did not worry me. The lady with the amazing head-dress who sat in front of me—this time it was not Renée Steve-Passeur—moved over a little. She then hid most of the stage but, for the first time that evening, I was able to see Yvonne Printemps, who was sitting in the stage box. Still slightly bronzed by the summer sun, wearing a becoming picture hat, she was, as always, adorable. She invariably has some novel detail of dress that delights me; that evening it was her long, soft suède gloves trimmed with cock's feathers that seemed to flutter with pleasure as she applauded.

This was at the première of Marcel Achard's new play, *Le Mal d'Amour*, at the Théâtre de la Michodière. A play with a prologue, three acts and an epilogue; in this case: a play within a play.

The prologue opens on a modern note. Visiting day at an historic château where, once-upon-a-time-in-the-seventeenth-century, two noble lovers who, alas, were not of the same faith, lived, loved and died. The guide and caretaker of the château, a simple soul, tells a visitor the touching and tragic



R. J. Goodman

**SIGNORINA ILARIA ROMANELLI** is the younger daughter of Commander Romano Romanelli. Her mother is a daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Hayter, at one time Master of Charterhouse and Dean of Gibraltar. She is also a cousin of Sir William Hayter, H.M. Ambassador to Moscow. Commander Romanelli, a well-known sculptor, won a D.S.C. with the British Navy in the First World War. He and Signora Romanelli own a fifteenth-century house in Bellosguardo, Florence, where this photograph was taken

story of Ludovic de Rochenoire and Marie de Surgères. The telling of the story is the play and Marcel Achard allows the simple-souled guide to give us his version of the affair. His version is not that of the history books!

Ludovic de Rochenoire has an equerry, one Gaspard Ferréol; he, too, suffers the *mal d'amour* for the gypsy, Stella, and he, too, dies of the malady. Thus does Gaspard, the man, steal the thunder of his noble master and we would not have it otherwise, since François Perrier is Gaspard in the play and the guide in the prologue, while Marcel Achard lightly manipulates the strings that makes his enchanting puppets dance with exquisite whimsy.

THIS was the first important première of the autumn season and our old acquaintances of the *tout Paris* were present in style, exception made for those who are still enjoying *la vie de château*, potting little birds or picking grapes for the wine-making. Amongst the people we see less often on the dim side of the footlights were: Pierre Blanchard, whose daughter Dominique, in the rôle of the gypsy, Stella, was charming; Charles Boyer, who is staying awhile in his native

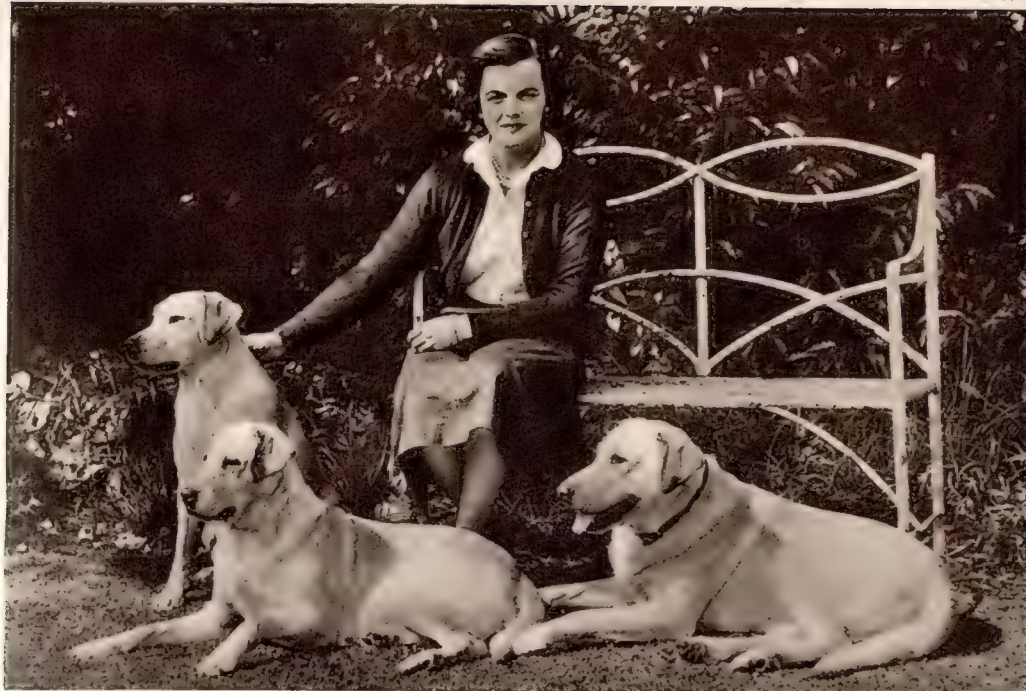
land; Yves Montand, who is again starring at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt in *Les Sorcières de Salem*, his first straight play, and little Marie Daems, who is having so great a success in Armand Salacrou's *Histoire de Rivé*, at the St. Georges.

IN private life she is Madame François Perrier and she thinks that her husband works far too hard. As well as appearing every night at the Michodière he is playing lead in *Gervaise*, the film that is being made from Zola's *Assommoir*. His rôle requires that he should portray a drunkard's jim-jams during a fit of *delirium tremens*. Having visited the hospital where such unfortunate people are treated, and having been gravely assured how very little it takes to start one on "the downward path that leads to a drunkard's grave," François Perrier now refuses to drink anything other than mineral water. "Such a depressing way of living up to one's name," says Marie Daems.

**La vrai innovation**

These unexpected strikes on the Métro are called "Surprise strikes." But the real surprise would be if there were no strikes at all at this time of the year!





*Bobbie Stonor, younger son of the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor*

*The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor, who before her marriage was Miss Jeanne Stourton, the youngest daughter of the late Captain H. M. J. Stourton*



*Miss Julia Stonor, who will be a debutante next year, is the eldest of the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor's five children*

## AN OXFORDSHIRE FAMILY

BEAUTIFUL Stonor Park, at Henley-on-Thames (below), is the home of the Hon. Sherman Stonor, son and heir of Lord Camoys, and Mrs. Stonor. The title dates back to Sir Thomas de Camoys, who commanded a wing of the English army at Agincourt, and the Stonors to a Sir Richard de Stonore of Stonor, who died in 1315



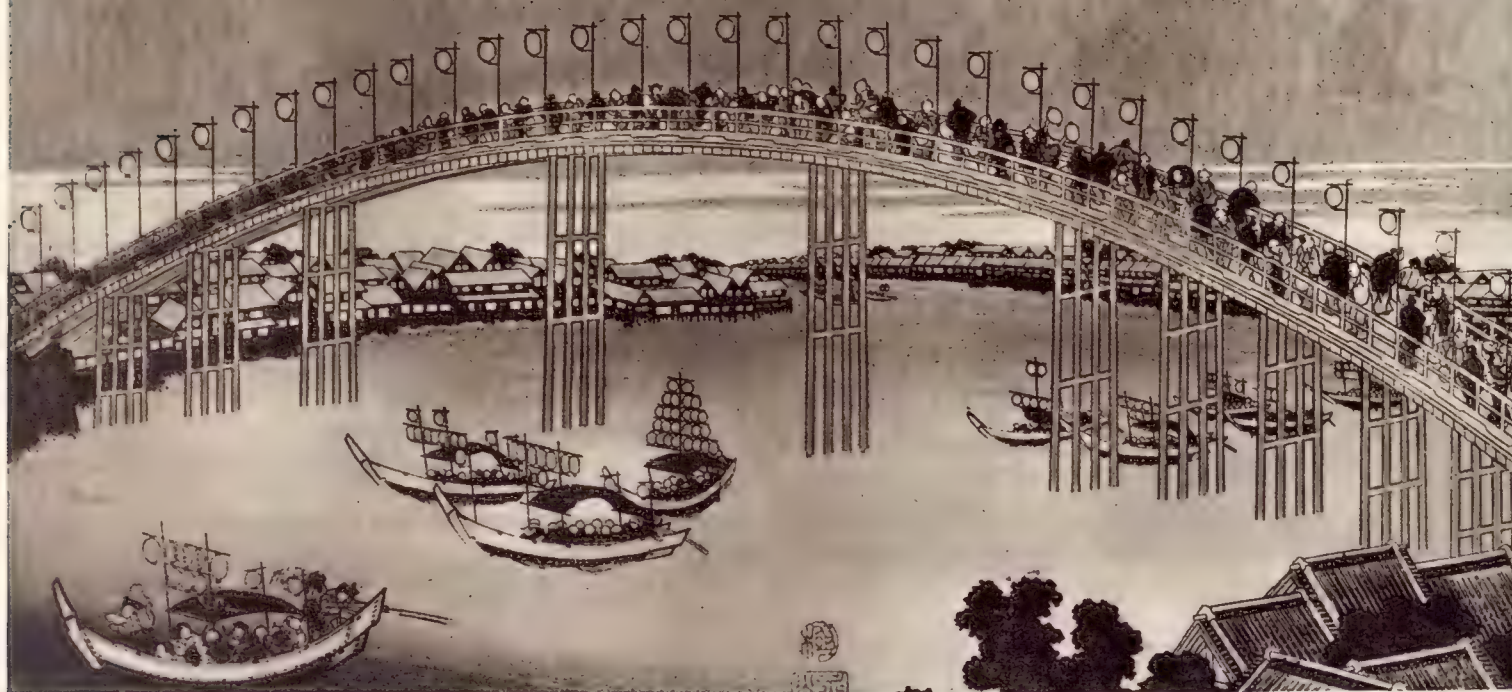
*Mr. Ralph Thomas Stonor, the elder son. The Stonors are one of England's oldest Roman Catholic families*



*Harriel and Georgina Stourton and Rosie, one of the Labradors, in the garden*







"EVENING OF THE FESTIVAL OF LANTERNS, Temma Bridge, Setzu," an example of the art of the supreme master of the colour print, reproduced in black-and-white in *Hokusai*, by J. Hillier (Phaidon Press, 42s.). This magnificent tribute to the great Japanese artist contains eighteen full colour plates and more than 100 chronologically-arranged black-and-white reproductions, with full and scholarly supporting text

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

### A VIGNETTE OF VILLAGE LIFE

Books about education multiply, very rightly—this is a vital subject. *VILLAGE SCHOOL* (Michael Joseph; ros. 6d.) is, however, something quite on its own; not a treatise but a delightful vignette. "Miss Read," its author, a village schoolmistress, pictures a working year from the teacher's angle—and here, clearly, is somebody happy in her work. Setting, small Fairacre, at the foot of the Berkshire downs, and Fairacre's small church school, built in 1880, Gothic in type and poor in amenities.

By definition, this is a "junior elementary": after eleven, pupils are drafted elsewhere. In the year "Miss Read" chronicles, the boys and girls number forty, the infants (that is, the under-sevens) being in charge of her assistant. A glass-and-wood partition divides the building into two classrooms.

As we see, "Miss Read's" activities are by no means limited to instruction. Her position in the village community demands considerable diplomacy: after five years in Fairacre she has learned as well as taught. On her first page she spares a minute to look back.

I had enjoyed those five years—the children, the little school, the pleasure of running my own schoolhouse and of taking a part in village life. True, at first, I had had to walk as warily as Agag; many a slip of the tongue causes me, even now, to go hot and cold at the mere memory, but at last, I believed, I was accepted, if not as a proper native, at least as "Miss Read up the School" and not as "that new woman pushing herself forward!"

Non-stop, also, are calls upon ingenuity. For instance, the school has no running water supply—a fetching-and-carrying system from the schoolhouse ("Miss Read's" residence, happily less deficient) has had to be instituted. Washing-up after school dinners (delivered daily by van, in containers), and the various needs of children are thus coped with. Mrs. Pringle, the school-cleaner, claims to have a bad leg which "flames up" if there's any question of overwork—and stove-lighting comes under that heading. On wet days an incurable drip from a skylight makes it necessary to shift the teacher's desk and arrange, in its place, a receptive bucket. Nor are these the only practical problems—all are, however, met, with co-operation from the children.

MUCH of the charm of *Village School* resides in the sense of adventure given to every day. Each page tingles with zest, eagerness, dismay, sometimes amusement. "Miss Read," as a country-dweller, has been blessed with a love of Nature (rooks, the surrounding landscape, the changing seasons), a taste for every one of the dramas with which rural life is fraught, and a sense of humour. As a writer, she has the knack of depicting character: the dear Vicar, with his moulting leopard-skin gloves; Mrs. Moffat, the up-and-coming lady in the new bungalow; Miss Clare, Mrs. Finch-Edwards and Miss Gray, who within one year successively teach the infants, all take on a very lively reality. Though "Miss Read's" pen is less sharp-edged than the late E. M. Delafield's, *Village School* is not altogether unlike that classic, *The Diary of a Provincial Lady*.

First and last, of course, we have the children—the whole range from the placid and not-too-bright to the clever-promising, who are sometimes difficult. Dark-haired, spirited Cathy, a love-child, and immaculate Linda Moffat, so frilled and curled, compete effectively for our interest against a number of tough small boys. The parents and home backgrounds are touched in. "Miss Read," in a number of cases, assumes or guesses much more than she officially knows. . . .

So, round goes the school year, and Fairacre's also. Choir practice, Harvest Festival, getting ready for Christmas, a "cold snap" enlivened by snow and skates, a jumble sale, an April birthday party, a musical festival, village fête, outing to the seaside and school sports day are high points in the chronicle. All are enjoyable, though, of course, attended by unending *contretemps*—human nature being what it is!

"Miss Read" is in favour of human nature. She is also in favour of small schools, and of their living link with the community. Her whole book is, by inference, a plea for the survival of exactly this sort of thing, as against drastic re-planning by the authorities. She writes of practice, not theory; though she does tackle questions outright in her chapter entitled "Perplexed Thoughts on Rural Education." Is she reactionary? Nobody who cares for the human essentials of English country life—the traditionalism, the village sense of identity—is likely to quarrel with "Miss Read," or the conclusions at which she arrives.



**J**OHAN VAN DRUTEN'S *THE VICARIOUS YEARS* (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.) is a satisfyingly shipshape piece of work, this long-experienced dramatist's fourth novel. And very *much* a novel, having a theme ideal for fiction, less so for drama. In fact, this is only just not autobiography: that, Mr. Van Druten assures us, he will not write. The "I" of the story is Teddy Attridge, a boy who afterwards grew up, and . . . Whoever the boy is, was, the story's true—convincing in a way which stands out a mile.

There is, we know, a portion of life which is almost exclusively lived at second hand—vicariously! "Those were the years," says our author, "when nothing seemed to happen to me, but when the things that happened to the people by whom I was surrounded were of the utmost importance to me; when those were the things, in fact, of which my whole life was composed." Has one not watched young people's obsessive interest in the doings of their friends? Has one not oneself been accused, when young, of "dramatising" even a chance acquaintance? Some there are who at almost any age continue to inhabit the lives of others: this is not unselfishness but a form of battenning—sign, maybe, of having failed to mature. Teddy Attridge, happily, grew up just in time.

**H**ERE is a boy, rather on his own (except for a pleasant couple of parents) living in Hampstead. Near by, in a house rather more opulent, live cousins: the Winter children, Oliver and Joanna, loom large for Teddy. He tells them everything, is incapable of doing anything without them, is influenced by everything they do. Their friends impress him; he wishes to make an impression on their friends. The Attridge parents occasionally feel this goes too far.

Then, enter the Carlills, met through the Winters. "Just as the Winters were richer than we were, so the Carlills were richer than they were, and were a part of the glamour that surrounded them. . . . The Winters had a pianola, but the Carlills had an electrophone." (These young days are set back pre-1914.)

Rita, most exotic of the Carlill girls, reappears when Teddy's about twenty. (Or, rather, he meets her again through Oliver.) She is a syren of the 1920's, lives alone in a flat at the top of a house, and writes—which is what Teddy longs to do. Then, enter American Bruce Markham, with whom Rita . . . But no, it would be stupid to spoil the story, in which one figure (not Teddy) is grimly victimised. You will ponder over *The Vicarious Years*.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE MAN WITH TWO WIVES (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is the new Patrick Quentin. This detective-story writer is famous for the tense human situations behind his mysteries, and here, with the predicament of Bill Harding, he is on to one. Bill's a man not so emotionally divorced from his former wife as he had fancied: untrue Angelica seems a thing of the past till, by chance, he runs into her in a New York bar. Betsy, to whom he is married now, has been giving him all that a man should want; and not only that, but he's happy.

So what? If only Angelica could have kept out of trouble; but she couldn't, and Bill could not but come to her aid. Jaimie, a trouble-making little neurotic, gets himself murdered, cops want to know by whom. The solution is brilliant, and knocked me flat.



Clayton Evans

**OLIVIA MANNING**, whose *Artist Among the Missing* and *School for Love* have won her recognition as one of the most talented of our younger novelists, is to have a new book, *The Doves of Venus*, published by Heinemanns shortly. During the war, service took her as far afield as Yugoslavia, Egypt and the Levant, in which countries she gathered much of the material for her writing. She is the wife of Mr. R. D. Smith, a B.B.C. producer, and this photograph was taken at her beautiful home in St. John's Wood





Miss Gillian Benson, daughter of Mr. C. E. Benson, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Lady Morvyn Benson, of Woodside House, Chenies, near Rickmansworth, Herts, is to marry Mr. Edward Emile Tomkins, of H.M. Embassy, Paris, son of the late Lt.-Col. E. L. Tomkins, and of Mme. Jean Watteau



Miss Margaret Birgitta Norton, who is the only daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. C. H. Norton, of Park Valley, The Park, Nottingham, is engaged to the Hon. John Andrew Davidson, elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, M.P., of Norcott Court, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire



Miss Sophy Keswick, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Keswick, of Cowhill, Dumfries, and The Chantry, Harlow, Essex, is engaged to Capt. Anthony Edward Weatherall, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. N. E. Weatherall, of Sandford House, Richmond, Yorkshire

## THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Vandyk

Miss Vivien Hill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hill, of Duchess of Bedford House, London, W.8, is to marry Mr. Kenneth Keighley, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Keighley, of Little Manor, Stanmore Common, Middlesex



Fayer

Miss Margaret Gillian (Jill) Lenox, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Aheyn Lenox, of The Maltings, Cookham, Berks, is to marry Sir David Salt, Bt., eldest son of the late Cdr. Sir John Salt, Bt., and of Lady Salt, of Park House, Cookham, Berkshire



Lenare

Miss Caroline Rachel Hill, only daughter of Col. Roderick Hill, D.S.O., and Mrs. Hill, of St. Arvan's Court, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, is engaged to the Hon. Geoffrey Somerset, younger son of Lord and Lady Raglan, of Cefntilla Court, Usk, Monmouthshire





Alec Murray

*“Oh, what a wonderful evening . . . !”*

CHRISTIAN DIOR'S magnificent ball gown of sunset gold satin is worn with a huge gold and white stole that can envelop it like a cape. Gold and pearl coloured beads are irregular in shape and size

—MARIEL DEANS



## *A diversity of line in the new dresses*

THESE dresses, each in the distinctive handwriting of five well-known London wholesalers, are of a variety that should prove there is need for no one to be fashion's slave and that with such a wide range of styles there should be something in the shops to suit and to please nearly all of us

— MARIEL DEANS



John French

Above: Roter's fine worsted afternoon dress with its high neck and long, tight sleeves has a draped and twisted, worsted and grosgrain sash to relieve its severity, from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge



Right: This red wool dress by Blanes has a long body line that finishes with a cuff round the hips above a pleated skirt. Comes from Peter Jones



David Olins

A cosy dress of quilted taffeta—black, stitched with royal blue, that is the warmest possible number for a cold winter day. Susan Small from Derry and Toms





*Left:* A very fine pewter grey French angora dress by Robita has a perfectly plain front and all interest gathered into the draped bow on the back of the hip. Long sleeved and high necked; this is a dress of great simplicity and distinction. From Fenwicks, Bond St.

*Below:* Rembrandt's full-skirted jewel-green dress of gleaming satin-rayon has a low cut neckline and deep swathed collar. Comfortable pockets are provided—a rare blessing in a dress like this. From Bourne and Hollingsworth

*Below:* Henri Gowns' charming two-piece soft lichen-green crêpe. Actually a jumper skirt, it is swathed and draped over the top, giving the effect of a one-piece garment. From Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Michael Dunne

*Below:* A two-piece of oatmeal coloured by Dorville inspired by Balenciaga, the long tunic and narrow skirt is exactly what many women are searching for this autumn. All enquiries to Rose and Berman, 14 John Princes Street, W.1







Armstrong Jones

## SWEATER WITH A VERY DELICATE AIR



### CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by

Mariel Deans

*WE* show here one of the loveliest cashmere sweaters from Ballantyne's new autumn range. Made generously long, it has a vee-neckline which is trimmed and fastened with buttons and button-holes. The set-in sleeves are finished with a band of ribbing which is repeated round the neck. The sweater shown here is a soft snuff-brown but it can be had in four other colours. It costs 7 gns. and comes from Debenham and Freebody, who sell the other merchandise shown on these two pages. On the opposite page it is worn with a snuff-coloured pleated skirt that costs £6 10s., and on the left with a scarlet angora beret that comes from Italy and costs 1 gn. The saddle-stitched sheppy bag with brass rings costs £4 18s. 6d.





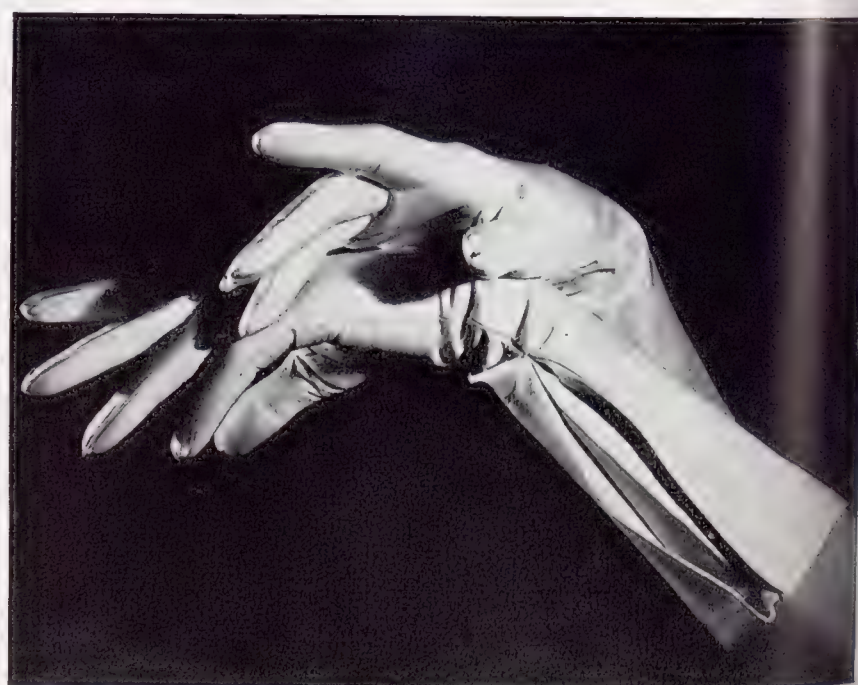


# Required equipment for that stately visit

*HERE* are some new ideas for accessories, which will find themselves at home in the most fastidious company. They include the latest venture of Christian Dior, who, to the delight of the world of fashion, has added gloves to his repertoire. In this he collaborates with the famous firm of Dent, Allcroft & Co. Ltd.

—JEAN CLELAND

A luxurious case made of Vaumol hide, with silver-gilt mounted plastic fittings. Price £95 10s., from Asprey and Co.



*Left:* Black suède Dior gloves, with embroidered turn-back cuff. From most leading stores, £8 8s.

Dior gauntlet in finest French kidskin, for day or evening. Also from Dents' collection, £5 5s.





Charming Emrich "Lady-bird" compact and pocket comb, price £6 2s. 6d., evening compact £2 5s. 6d., small matching pillbox £1 5s. 6d., from Woollands

Right: Bag of Ecu lace over satin, pearl studded, £19 8s. 6d. and one of pastel sequins with gilt and pearl frame, £6 16s. 6d., Debenham and Freebody



Dennis Smith



Novelty cocktail bag in black satin with diamanté. Price £5 15s. 6d. from Debenham and Freebody

Right: Silk bathroom bag, plastic lined, 19s. 11d. Nylon spongee slippers, 16s. 11d. Marshall and Snelgrove

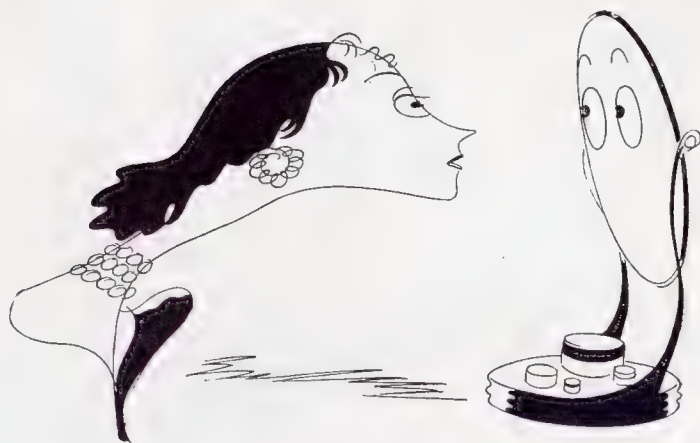




## Beauty

## Goodbye to the tan

By Jean Cleland



IF there is anything that clings closer than the "ivy on the old garden wall," it is the tan, which, acquired so joyfully in the summer, remains long after it has ceased to be attractive.

Worn with the sun suit, against the background of yellow sand, azure sky and deep blue sea, it is utterly fascinating. At home, robbed of the gaiety of holiday attire, and in the environment of City streets, the effect is far less happy. It would not be so bad if it retained the warm honey glow or the deeper burnished bronze which gave the skin a radiance and a look of vitality and health. But alas, this is a fleeting joy. In almost less time than it takes to unpack one's trunk and fold away the swim-suits for another year, it has begun to fade, and from that moment, it goes from bad to worse.

If only it would go altogether. But, no. There comes a stage when, like the guest who hovers on the doorstep, it neither goes nor stays, and one is left with an indeterminate shade which can only be described as "dirty," or in some cases actually "muddy."

At this point one wishes heartily that one had never gone out in the sun without a thick veil, a sunshade or a large hat. Will one's skin ever be clear and fair again? What is to be done? The answer, of course, is some form of bleaching, either at home—which is comparatively slow—or at a salon, if you want a more speedy result.

Let us take the salon first, since this, if you can spare the time, is the better plan. Various salons give bleaching treatments, but one which makes a speciality of the job, and which I know to be effective, is done by Helena Rubinstein.

From what I can make out, some people seem remarkably hazy as to what a bleaching treatment really entails. Some appear to regard it as a drastic affair which they are disinclined to try out. Their attitude is, better the tan they know—be it ever so dirty—than a new complexion acquired by such unfamiliar means. Others think it is some kind of magic which, no matter how dark they may be when they enter the salon, sends them out again white as driven snow.

In actual fact, it is a scientific business, done with special preparations designed to clear and lighten the skin slowly but surely. The number of treatments required varies according to the depth of the tan and the type of skin, but in all cases it is much quicker to have it treated by experts than to do it yourself.

FOR those who would like to know how a bleaching treatment works, this is exactly—in the case of Helena Rubinstein—what takes place.

First, the skin is thoroughly cleansed, so that the pores are entirely free of all dust, make-up or impurities. Next, the skin is treated with a strong bleaching lotion. This is patted on with cotton-wool and left for about five minutes. During this time you get a not unpleasant stinging sensation, which is the result of the circulation being thoroughly stimulated and whipped up. When the stinging subsides the lotion has done its work, and it is time for the next step, which is massage with a

special bleaching cream. If the skin is very dry the bleach is mixed with a nourishing skin food, and the two are massaged in together. Here I must tell you that you can either have a treatment that deals only with the face and the front of the neck, or a longer specialized one that takes in the shoulders, back and chest as well. Since most people tan on the body as well as the face, the latter is the more usual.

WHEN the massage is finished, the bleaching cream is removed and followed by a bleaching mask. There are several different kinds, and the expert in charge selects the one most suitable to the type of skin with which she is dealing. If the skin is particularly dry, it may be a mild kind, if less sensitive and of a "tougher" texture, something stronger is applied. The mask is left on for about twenty minutes, then removed, after which comes the most refreshing and enjoyable part of the treatment.

The final stage is a method by which oxygen is sprayed on to the skin by means of a lotion. The effect is pleasing and very beneficial. The oxygen not only helps to lighten the skin but is extremely good for refining the pores, which, after exposure to hot sun, often become relaxed.

While you must not expect to emerge after one treatment with a lily-white skin, you will find that your skin is not only lighter, but considerably improved in texture. Several more treatments may be necessary to complete the transformation but even after one, there is a marked improvement.

For those who live at a distance and cannot get to the salon, Helena Rubinstein recommends a very effective bleaching cream. Since this has a fairly strong action, it must not be left on the skin overnight. The correct way to use it is to cleanse the face, then spread it on, and leave for about thirty minutes, after which time it should be removed. If the skin is dry, it should then be massaged with a nourishing skin food, and a little allowed to remain on to seep in during the night.

THE second part of the home bleaching treatment is by way of Rubinstein's famous Skin Clearing Cream, which should be massaged well in each morning, directly the skin has been cleansed. The cream is excellent, not only for assisting the process of de-tanning, but for any kind of skin lightening, and for removing the dull discoloured look which sometimes comes as a result of being overtired or run-down.

Hands and arms can be treated in the same way, but for quick results, these, too, are better dealt with in the salon. Bleaching for them can either be done at the same time as the face, neck, back and shoulders, or separately, according to the wishes of the client.

When you have had a treatment like this, you will be amazed and delighted at the result. Gone are the sallow patches and your real skin glows again, fresh and white, so that you can pass the most exacting "evening occasion" test. But do not leave it too late!



This set of containers in striped polythene from Marshall & Snelgrove adds a new smartness to travel. Price 12s. 11d.

Dennis Smith



# Why do you find Charles of the Ritz

ONLY in  
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It takes skill and technical training to advise women about the correct beauty preparations for their individual requirements. It takes fashion authority too. Above all it takes personal attention. The kind of background needed for such a service can only be provided by fine stores. That's why smart women return again and again to the Charles of the Ritz consultant in the same store.



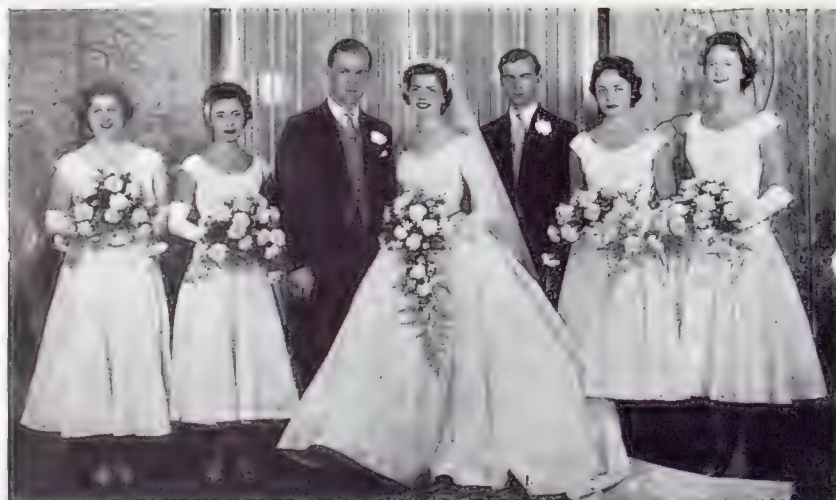
# THEY WERE MARRIED



**Gordon—Wotherspoon.** Mr. Robert Gordon, former Scottish Rugby International, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. M. Gordon, of Willanslea, Perth, married Miss Avril Wotherspoon, daughter of Provost and Mrs. Robert Wotherspoon, of Westwood, Inverness, at The Old High Church, Inverness, Scotland



**Drummond—Cayley.** Mr. Maldivin Drummond, eldest son of the late Mr. C. A. Drummond, and of Mrs. J. C. Quinnell, of Cadlands, Fawley, Southampton, married Miss Susan Cayley, second daughter of Sir Kenelm and Lady Cayley, of The Green, Brompton - by - Saeodon near Scarborough, Yorks at All Saints', Brompton



**Adair—Wachtmeister.** <sup>Lenore</sup> Captain Paul Robin Adair, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Adair, of The Grove, Slough, Bucks, married Miss Marianne Brita Wachtmeister, daughter of Count F. Wachtmeister, of Virginia, U.S.A., and Countess Brita Wachtmeister, of Cadogan Square, at St. George's, Hanover Square



**Hunter—Scott.** Mr. Archibald Anthony de Courcy Hunter, elder son of Mr. A. V. Hunter, of Castle Combe, Wilts, and Mrs. B. de C. Hunter, of Foxway Rise, Fleet, Hants, married Miss Rachel Mirabel Steel Scott, younger daughter of Sir Donald and Lady Scott, of Caistron, Northumberland, and Westminster Mansions, S.W.1, at St. Matthew's Church, Westminster



**Overy—Hunter.** Mr. Ernest Stuart Overy, son of Sir Thomas and Lady Stuart Overy, of Yokehurst, Brenchley, Kent, married Miss Sheila Adrienne Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hunter, of Glenconner House, Weybridge, at St. Mary's, Outlands, Weybridge

**Burr—Morison.** Mr. Eric D. Burr, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Burr, of Thirlestane Road, Edinburgh, married Miss Sally Morison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Morison, of Kyles, Foley Road, Claygate, Surrey, at Holy Trinity Church, Claygate







Elegant town coat in Everest  
grey pure wool coating trimmed  
Indian lamb to tone, other  
colours to order.

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**40** gns

Coats — Ground Floor.

**Debenham & Freebody**  
WIGMORE STREET. W.I.

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Peter Clark



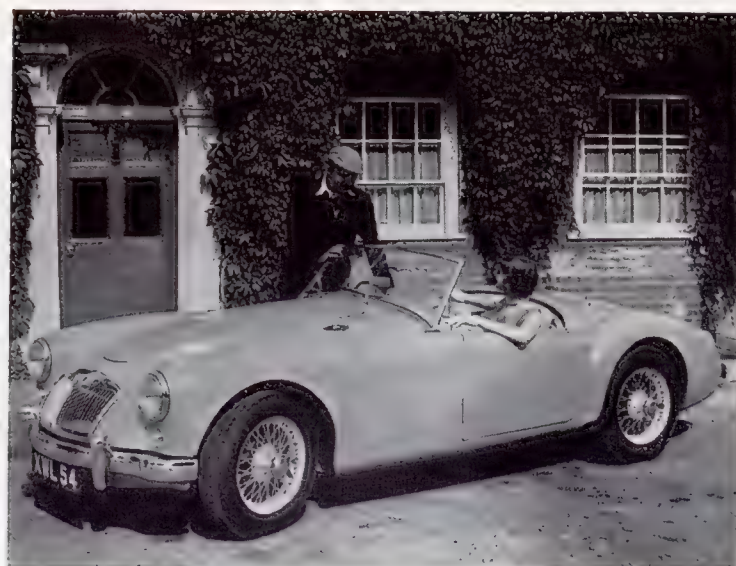


## Always make a point of looking in Horne Brothers' windows

This "Cruiser" sweater in heavy stitch is available in a fine range of colours at 63/-. It is ideal for simple off duty wear. Equally delightful are our "Carnoustie" sweaters, in a heavy stitch and in 3 styles at 79/6, for the really cold weather.

Incidentally, we also have a very creditable range of "County" pullovers 45/-, slipovers 30/-, and cardigans 52/6.

*Larger sizes slightly extra.*



THE M.G.A. SPORTS CAR. This new M.G. two-seater, known as the M.G.A., is developed from prototypes which ran successfully at Le Mans this year. Its 1,489 c.c. twin carburettor engine gives a tremendous performance. It costs £844 0s. 10d., including tax

**Motoring**

**Oliver Stewart**

## BREATHING SPACE

IT is too early to attempt to distinguish the main motor-car specification trends for 1956. I shall look for the distinctively Continental ones in Paris; but we shall not be fully informed about what our own manufacturers are doing until the London Show opens on October 19. The price increases were inevitable and the only surprising thing about them is that they have been so long delayed.

They may perhaps be a signal that a period of technical experimentalism is close at hand. For the motor industry strives continually to give the customer more for every pound spent, and it now appears that the only way to do so will be, not by increased productivity, but by technical novelty.

But productive momentum must be absorbed before novelties can be economically introduced so that it was to be expected that the first programmes announced, by the Rootes group and by Rover, should incorporate little change, either in chassis or coachwork. There were minor styling alterations and slight performance improvements.

THE only new model announced by Sir William Rootes was the Humber Hawk Estate Car. This is a larger brother to the Hillman Estate Car. Overhead valve engines are now fitted to all the Hillman range of models except the Husky. It may be recalled that the Husky attracted a great deal of attention when it was first announced. It takes four people with their luggage and a consumption figure of forty miles to the gallon is claimed. The Husky now sells at £589 0s. 10d., including purchase tax.

Among the other models in the Hillman and Humber range there is the Super Snipe, now with the four litre engine using a higher compression ratio. Overdrive is an optional extra. For all these cars the emphasis is this year being placed upon the wider range of colours available at the choice of the buyer.

I have always doubted whether colour schemes play such a large part in selling cars as many sales managers seem to think. But I suppose that when the car itself is well tried and well known, a fresh choice of colours will provide a small additional sales fillip.

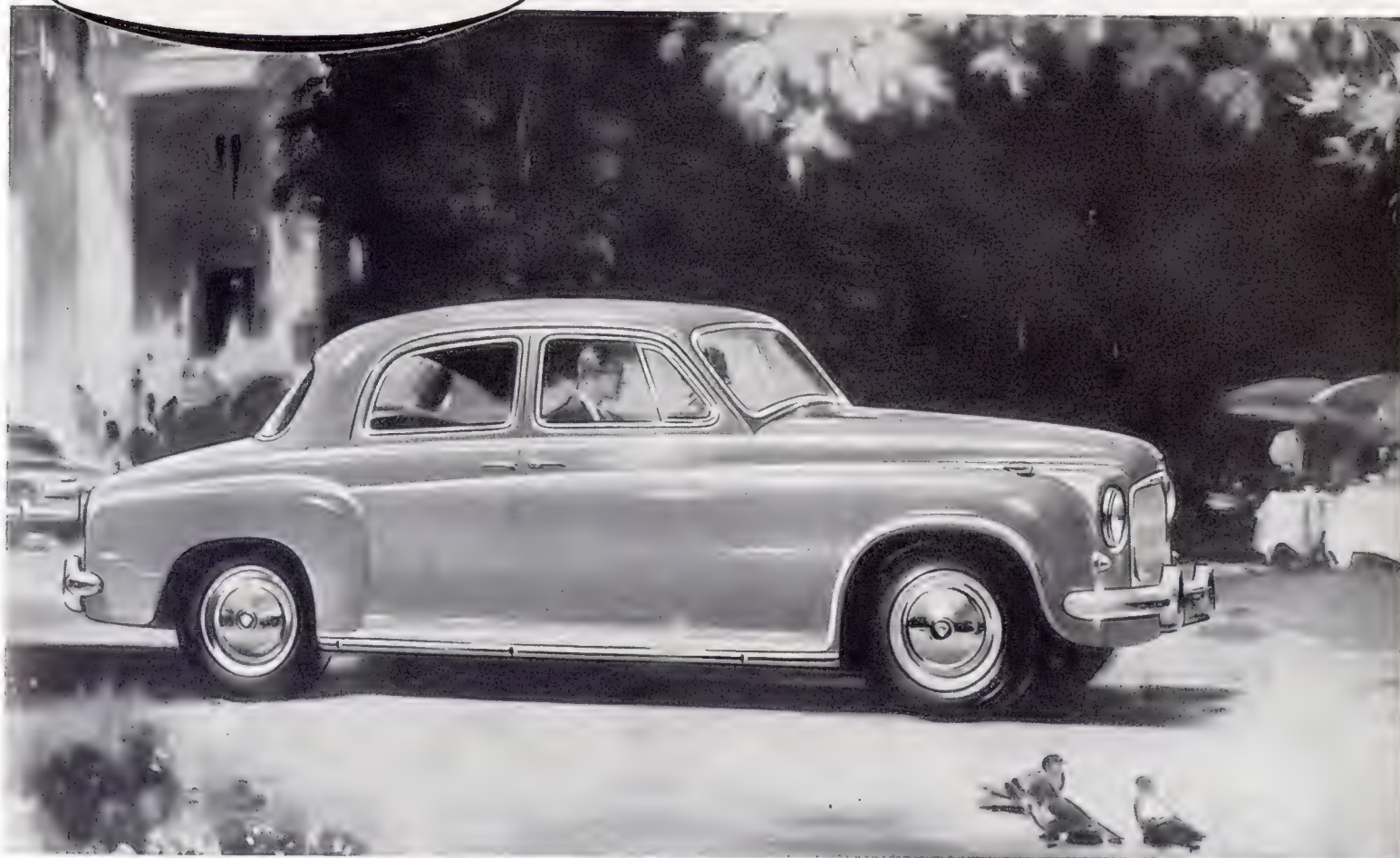
NOW for the Rover plans. There are the three main models, the "60," the "75" and the "90." But the "90" is now made available in a high performance form with raised engine compression ratio, servo assisted brakes and overdrive. Individual seats can be had at option. The "90" compression ratio is now 7.5 to 1 and the servo assistance to the brakes is provided by the Clayton Dewandre system. In this model the Rover freewheel is discontinued.

Those who recall the flourish of trumpets with which freewheels were introduced will notice this further mark of decline with regret. But it seems to be clear that few drivers make full use of a freewheel and that the step taken for the high performance Rover "90" is justifiable. The



# THE NEW ROVER PROGRAMME

New high performance specification and new power-braking for the 90. Greater comfort in all three models — the 60, 75 and 90.



## THE NINETY

**HIGH PERFORMANCE** By increasing the compression ratio, the acceleration has become still more vivid. An optional overdrive ensures a higher maximum speed, exceptionally fast and silent cruising at low engine speeds and a useful saving in petrol consumption. Top gear flexibility, so valuable when driving in traffic, is unaffected.

**EXTRA SAFETY** To match this livelier performance, a new Servo-assisted braking system is introduced. This ensures impressive light-pressure stopping from high speeds and maximum safety under modern road conditions.

## THE SIXTY, SEVENTY-FIVE AND NINETY

**EXTRA COMFORT** Rover cars have a fine reputation for driver and passenger comfort. There is now a choice of two styles in the front seating — a bench type seat or, as an optional extra, two individual seats independently adjustable. The deep hide upholstery is pleated to retain its shape and the rear arm rests have been redesigned for greater comfort.



## DINING IN

### Roll up, sweet chariot

ONE of the pleasures of going away from our own shores for a holiday is the quite different foods we may get. The best of our own home foods is, of course, as good as that of any other country and our poorest dishes are just as indifferent as some of the poor ones we may encounter abroad. You meet with both good and poor food in the most unexpected places.

Up on the hill beyond Villefranche-sur-Mer, there is an *auberge* where the food is so good that people, mostly French, come from near and quite far to enjoy the dishes of the inspired owner-chef. How good it was! For 1,300 francs each (roughly 26s.) we had a set menu: *Le Chariot de Hors d'Oeuvre*; *Pâté de Foie Gras au Truffles*; *Le Poulet à la Niçoise*; Cheese and a perfect *Tarte Abricots*—together with a *vin rosé* and a warm red *vin du Pays*.

The "chariot" rolled up and I thought the woman in charge of it would never get to the end of the numerous dishes to be served! But the dish I want to give you is the *Poulet Niçoise*, because it has a flavour quite different to any we would find here.

YOU require a good-sized roasting chicken—say, 5 to 5½ lb. for seven to eight persons—or a young boiler will do very well, provided that the cooking is prolonged until the flesh is tender. Young boilers are very reasonably priced just now, and this dish is excellent with one.

Cut the bird into four leg pieces, two wing pieces, three to four breast pieces and the



back pieces with the fillets. Sprinkle them with a little salt and leave them for a few minutes. Fry them all over to a golden brown in a mixture of 3 oz. melted butter and an equal quantity of olive oil. This will not burn easily, but do not use too much heat.

Transfer to a casserole and add ½ pint each dry white wine and water and the bones and giblets, except the liver. Cover and start the cooking either on top of the stove or in a slow oven.

MEANWHILE, to the same pan in which the chicken pieces were fried, add a small envelope (½ to ¾ teaspoon) saffron, 4 cloves of garlic crushed with salt (using only the salt), a *bouquet garni* and up to ¾ lb. chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes. Season with freshly milled pepper to taste. Simmer all together, rubbing the bottom of the pan with the back of a fork to bring the delicious flavour into the mixture.

Pour this over the chicken in the casserole. Add eight to ten (each) green and ripe olives. Cover again and cook very gently for about an hour for a young bird or 1½ hours for a slightly older one. Should the liquid have evaporated, a little water can be added towards the end of the cooking.

There should not be an excess of fat but, if there is more than desired (perhaps if a boiling chicken was used), remove it with a spoon. Remove the *bouquet garni*, too, and serve from the casserole.

My favourite accompaniment of any chicken dish is rice, cooked the Chinese way. For eight servings, well wash two cups of good quality Patna-type rice in cold water, rubbing the grains between the fingers, then let cold water run on it until it is quite clear. Drain well. Turn into a bowl large enough to allow for the rice's expansion and add three cups water. Stand the bowl in a large saucepan with hot water reaching halfway up it. Cover and steam gently for 35 to 45 minutes, when it will be beautifully cooked with each grain separate and all the moisture absorbed.

—Helen Burke

## DINING OUT

### A U.S. gourmet in London

I HAVE just received the 1955-56 edition of Temple Fielding's *Travel Guide To Europe*. Mr. Fielding was born in New York, served in North Africa and the Balkans in the last war and has since made Europe his home, publishing various editions of his *Guide*, which are extensively used by American visitors to this country.

I got a good deal of interest and amusement out of his forty-page chapter on England, especially his comments on hotels, restaurants and clubs, all of which are well-known to me. The old game of "seeing ourselves as others see us" never becomes stale. Fielding has the advantage of being able to list places he does not like or recommend, and many people would be startled at some of the names which are mentioned under the title: "I do not currently recommend the following establishments."

Here are some of his comments about places of which he very much approves.

Of Claridge's he writes: "There is still tremendous snob appeal in this last stronghold of nearly vanished British wealth, particularly if Burke's *Landed Gentry* carries your name or if you sport an Old School tie. If you can't qualify on either count, you may find it like a large private club to which you don't happen to belong."

THE Savoy he describes as "one of the great hotels of the world, tailor-made exactly to the best taste of the American abroad."

He describes the Oliver Messel suite at the Dorchester as "one of the handsomest hotel accommodations in the world, having everything but diaphanous slave girls to serve the Martinis."

The Berkeley, he explains, is pronounced "Barkley" and goes on to say "this venerable, fashionable landmark is the London 'pub' of the hunting, fishing and racing set of rural Britain."

He says he is puzzled about how to classify the Connaught in Carlos Place because "its flavour is unique. If you're after spacious rooms, excellent food, excellent service, traditional furnishings, no orchestras, no dancing, no radio, no television, nothing to disturb a turn-of-the-century aura, this is perfect."

Meditating on the Ritz his verdict is "lots of mahogany, rich hangings, commodious rooms, immense bathrooms, and an air of tradition, but not too thick an air."

Little confidence is expressed in what may happen to the traveller when he leaves the West End of London to journey forth to other parts of the British Isles, but he gives credit, where credit is undoubtedly due, to the Trust House organization.

Returning to London, he chooses the Caprice for "fashionable dining without dancing," describing Director Mario Gallati as a "Grand Master of superb cuisine." He highly recommends the Mirabelle and the Coq d'Or, where Henry Sartori gets the title of "renowned gastronome."

For "medium-priced dining without dancing" he picks La Carale in Lowndes Square, which is now one of the Wheeler Group. The Matelot in Elizabeth Street he describes as a "handkerchief-sized bistro currently the rage of the Smart Set."

For Soho he gives L'Étoile in Charlotte Street which he points out "features Marseilles specialities, snails, and excellent spaghetti prepared at your table." He mentions L'Élysée and the Hungarian Csarda in Dean Street, and goes on to the Isola Bella in Frith Street, with a special word for Patron Micotti. Martinez in Swallow Street he says "is one of the best budget choices in town."

HIGH praise is won by the wonderful roast beef, mushroom and oyster puddings, and the saddle of mutton, at Simpson's in the Strand, and he also recommends the Hyde Park Grill. For seafood he describes Scott's as "time-tested and reliable," praises Wilton's and Wheeler's on the same account, and mentions the Causerie at Claridge's for the "eye-popping *hors d'uvres* table featured at luncheon."

For "dining and dancing" there is the Colony in Berkeley Square with "its two orchestras, small polished cabaret and intimate charm," while he describes the entertainment at the Café de Paris as "fabulous" and the atmosphere as "the epitome of plushiness."

Hatchett's, he states, is the current rage on Friday and Saturday night among débutantes and the younger set.

The tour is concluded with clubs and pubs. What I believe would be described as a "rave notice" is received by the 21 Club in Chesterfield Gardens, which he describes as "a glittering treasurehouse in George II opulence with a gorgeous open rock-garden terrace and a running stream from which you can select your own trout." (I must go there at once.)

The Four Hundred Club is the "mecca of the oh-so-social set, exclusive, expensive and worth it, if you like super-elegance and if you can get in." He also recommends Les Ambassadeurs and La Rue and the Empress Club which he describes as "excellent on my last visit."


By way of a "dining oddity" he gives the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, which he says does not reek of Cheddar but of tradition, and mentions the Antelope in Eaton Terrace which he describes as "a gem, not too mouldy, not too chichi, a gentle introduction to the science of pubbery."

The last paragraph of his chapter on England concludes: "For the first time since Hitler struck Poland, Britain in 1955 receives her guests without shadows, without gloom, without unspoken apologies for austerity conditions. And the warmth of her people, from cabbies and clerks to coronets, will gladden your heart."

Thanks a million, Mr. Fielding.

—I. Bickerstaff



  
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### Motoring *(Continuing from page 48)*

## The Dundrod Tragedies

Rover "60" and the "75," with the two litre and the 2.23 litre engines, remain the same as last year, with the sole exception of a slight increase in compression ratios.

In Paris, in addition to a left-hand drive "75" and a new "90," Rover are showing the new 272 centimetre wheelbase Land Rover Station Wagon. This is a ten-seater.

It was an epic ("celebrating the achievements of some heroic personage"—yes—the word is here justified), an epic Tourist Trophy race on the Dundrod circuit. It was a jubilee event which will live in motor-racing history. The struggle between Moss (Mercedes) and Hawthorn (Jaguar) was well—epic! And the heartache when the Jaguar failed to appear at the end will not readily be forgotten.

But once again there was tragedy; this time, however, the kind of tragedy which must be admitted as a permanent potential of motor racing, for it involved drivers and not spectators. The drivers know that they are facing risks. To some extent the measure of those risks is within their own control. We cannot legislate to prevent drivers being injured and killed if motor racing is to exist. What we have to do is to legislate so that spectators are neither injured nor killed.

It is not possible to guarantee the safety of spectators; but the new plans issued by the French Government and the measures taken by the Royal Automobile Club committee in this very T.T. event go far to reduce the risks to something scarcely higher than those encountered in ordinary everyday life.

While, therefore, we deeply regret the fatal accidents on the Dundrod circuit, we also note that the arrangements made for the safety of the spectators were sound and proved to be effective.

OF the matters of technical interest revealed in the T.T., I select two for mention: first the high position gained by the winning Mercedes on index of performance, and, second, the remarkable fastest lap achieved by Hawthorn in the Jaguar. His speed was officially given as 94.67 miles an hour. Index of performance is a stern test of the basic economics of the motor-car concerned and it is hard for a car which is well placed in the general classification to be well placed also on index of performance.

Usually in events where index of performance is ranked as of importance we have seen the little Panhards at the top of the list. And they continue to achieve prodigies; but I am told (for it was a point I did not follow closely at the time) that Chapman's Lotus-Climax might have obtained first index of performance position had it not suffered some kind of trouble.

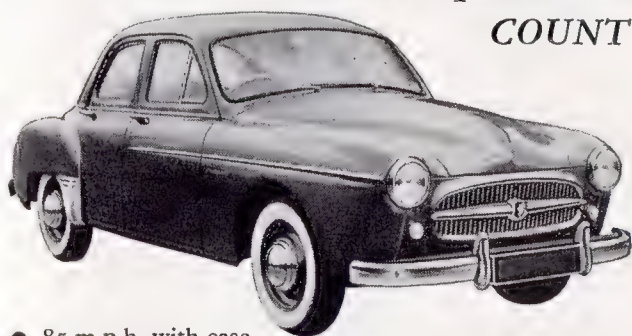
Soon we must be looking forward to the race meetings of 1956 and seeing that proper steps are taken to keep the spectators safe without at the same time spoiling the racing. It will be a matter which will certainly be discussed energetically at the time of the Earls Court Motor Show. It would be as well to hold to the central fact that a race should continue no matter what tragedy may occur during it. Protective steps must be taken before it starts; but when once it has started it is illogical and useless to stop it because of an accident, however bad that accident may be.



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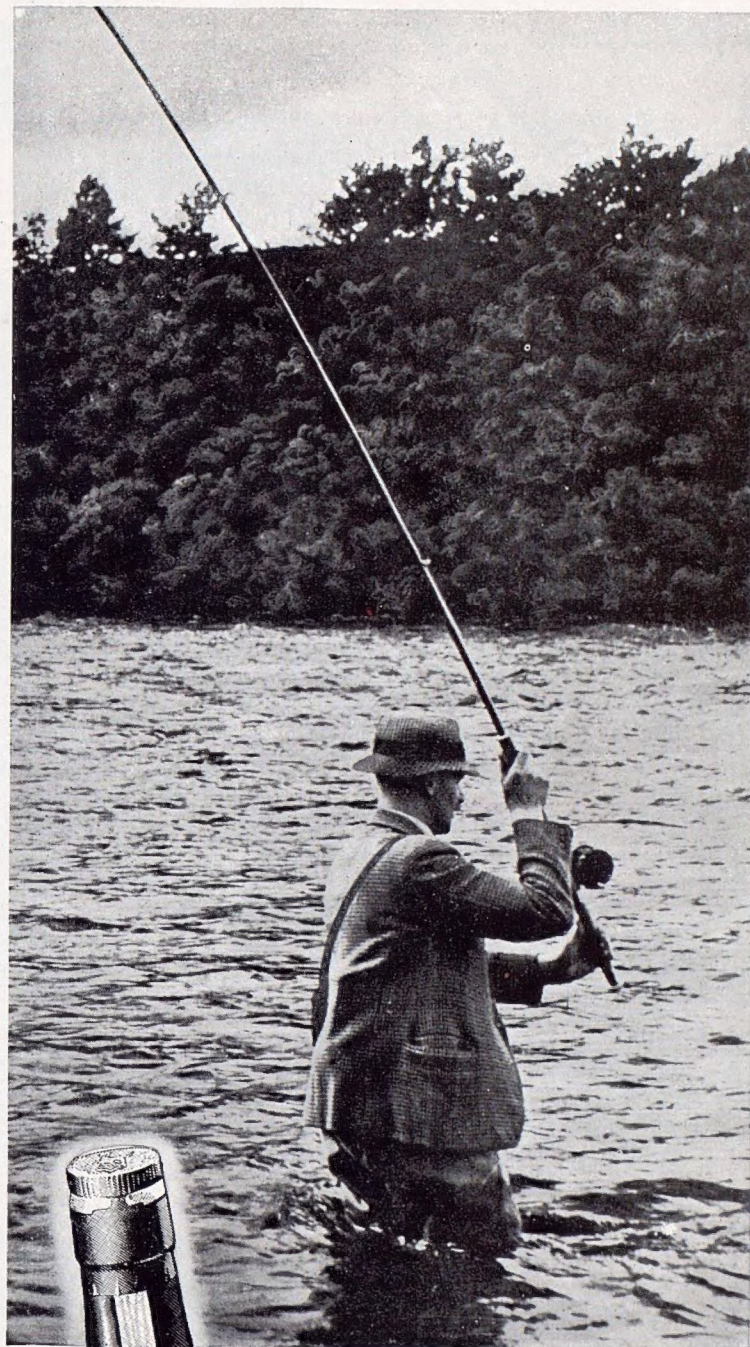




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